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THE
DISCOVERY:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF

Miss Marianne Middleton.

By MRS. WOODFIN,
Author of *Harriot Watson*, and of
The Auction, a Modern Novel.

*To Beauty's fierce tyrannic Sway,
All Mankind their Homage pay;
But soon, alas! its Pow'r decays,
A strong, but short-liv'd Blaze;
While Wit and Virtue will maintain
An uncontested, lasting Reign.*

PRIOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

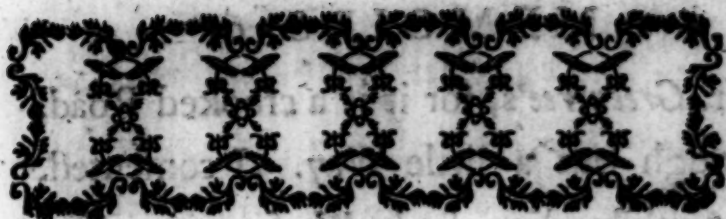
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MEMOIRS

O F

MARIANNE MIDDLETON.

THE Waterman paused when
I offered him the Shilling, and
took it with an Appearance of
not knowing what he did. I was leave-
ing him, when he said his Fare was only
Three-pence. I thought that too little,
and said, You are welcome to it all.
He replied, You are very generous, Miss,
and I can do no less than go with you to

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B

Mr.

Mr. *Greentree's*, for it is a crooked Road, though but a little Way. I consented, notwithstanding he had before given me a plain Direction, for I was impatient to get securely there. He took me immediately out of the high Way into a narrow Lane; then crossed a Field, and came into a Place, where a Path could scarcely be discerned. I told him, I was much obliged to him for guiding me, as it seemed impossible for me to have found the Way; nor did we meet any one that might have given a Direction. Soon after this he stopt suddenly, and, pulling a long Knife with a sharp Point out of his Pocket, he fixt it against my Heart, and swore tremendously, that he would stab me that Moment, if I did not give him all my Gold. I was so terrified, that I could not find the

the Way into my Pocket. He saw the Effect of my Terrour, and was himself beginning to search me, when a loud Voice cried, Villain! what are you doing? and two Men, who had just descended a Style, came running towards us. He desisted, and immediately took to his Heels. The Fright had seized me so violently, that I fell down; and, while they were helping me up, the Fellow escaped. They asked me twenty Questions before I could answer one, and then concluded that it was too late to follow him. They informed me that he had taken (from the Water-Side) the direct contrary Road to that which led to Mr. Greentree's, and brought me above a Quarter of a Mile out of the Way. They very compassionately conducted me back, even to the Place where the Wa-

terman landed me. But how can I express the Shock I met with there! for *Dubois* and three other Men were getting into a Boat. I thought he looked at me, and I believe he did, without knowing me; for I was between the two Men, and one of them had hold of me. I could not conceal my Agitation, for I trembled excessively, and could not go forward. They comforted me, saying, we were within a Stone's Throw of Mr. *Greentree's* House; and, indeed, we had not gone twenty Yards before we saw it, and Mrs. *Greentree* at the Door. The strange Manner in which I walked, and her Mind being full of me, caused her to look and know me at some Distance. She ran to meet me in a Rapture of Joy, which surprised the Men; for she spoke something of an Escape, which

which they knew it was impossible for her to be acquainted with. She seemed desirous to take me from my Conductors, but I could not part with them so. A Desire to gratify them prevented me; and, as their Appearance shewed they were working Men, I took a Guinea out of my Pocket and gave it them. They both looked with so much grateful Joy in their Countenance, that I could not refrain Tears. I had not cried before; but, when they had begun to flow, a plenteous Shower succeeded. In this Interim, the Men told Mrs. *Greentree* all that had passed, which altered her Opinion of me. She had just conceived me to be an extravagant foolish Creature, that would give a Guinea for being assisted to find a Place which every Child would have directed me to. The

Men left us, and I expected her to lead me to her own House; but, instead of that, she turned quite another Way, and walked rather faster than I could follow her, without giving me a Reason for so strange a Procedure. I began to be uneasy; and my Spirits and Strength were exhausted before we reached a little House out of any Road, into which she entered. I followed her in, and was filled with Wonder and Resentment at a Treatment which I thought both cruel and rude, till she turned to me, after shutting the Door, and caught me in her Arms, with Tears in her Eyes, saying, I thank God, who has preserved you from falling into the Hands of the most barbarous of Men; for I believe he would have murdered you: But sit down and compose yourself; this Cottage is a Place

Place of Security. I told her that I had narrowly escaped falling into his Hands as he went to the Water-side. We both considered the wicked Intent of the Waterman as a fortunate Event, as it was the Means of preventing my Meeting with him at her House, where he had been two Hours searching with a Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, and found Means to speak in private with every Servant and Weeder in the Garden, who undoubtedly were bribed to betray me if I took Shelter there. This accounted for her hurrying me to the Place where we then were. A poor Woman was the only Inhabitant, and her chief Dependence for a Living was on Mr. Greentree: She was in a low State of Life, but not vulgar in her Manner of Behaviour, having been well

educated, but reduced by unavoidable Misfortunes. Before her I told all my Reasons for leaving *Dubois*, and it was determined amongst us, for me to stay there till the Heat of my Persuer was abated. I gave Money to Mrs. *Greentree*, to buy me Necessaries of all Sorts. She was in Mourning for her Mother, and said, if I would wear that melancholy Garb, she could accommodate me with two Gowns of her Daughter's, (for the Girl was just my Size) and that would secure me from the Danger of employing a Mantua-Maker. I was pleased with the Expedient, for I began to consider myself as a Widow of the worst Sort. This settled, she left me, but not before she had given me the strongest Assurances of Friendship, and concerted the Way of coming often to me in private.

vate. This she could not do directly from her own House, but crossed the Water to *London*, and then crossed it again to us. She every Time brought me something nice to eat, with Linen which I was employed in making. Mrs. *Low* (that was my Landlady's Name) supplied me with Fruit, which was no small Blessing, though it may seem trifling to those who never wanted it. She diverted me with repeating the Occurrences of her Life, but forbore to dwell on her Misfortunes, as her chief Aim was to amuse me.

In this peaceable Cot I stayed a Month, and then found Confinement irksome, for I durst not look out of a Window. *Dubois* was indefatigable in his Search, and had Spies in all the Neighbourhood. I longed to range at large in the Country,

without Danger or Apprehension: This Desire I communicated to Mrs. *Greentree*. She immediately told me, that she had a Relation, an honest Farmer in *Essex*, about fifteen Miles from *London*, who had two Daughters, young Women, both at home: The People, she said, were unknowing in the World, and therefore void of Suspicion or Curiosity. This seemed an eligible Situation: She undertook to settle the Affair, and I left poor Mrs. *Low*, after gratifying her far beyond her Expectations, and promising her farther Assistance, which I duly sent her during five Years, at which Period Death removed her from all her Wants. I found the Farmers as much Country People, as if they had inhabited a Corner of the most remote County in *England*. Their two Daughters were
Twins,

Twins, but a perfect Contrast: The eldest, whose Name was *Sukey*, had, by a Fall in her Infancy, dislocated her Back Bone, which prevented her growing in Height, but had distorted her Back and Breast in a frightfull Manner. Nature had designed her to be tall; for her Limbs were uncommonly long: Her Complexion was fallow, with strong Features, and extremely thin; and she had, besides, a Malignity in her Countenance, expressive of the Rancour in her Heart. Her Sister *Molly*, about a Quarter of an Hour younger, was altogether lovely: Her Disposition and Person were unexceptionable: She was good-natured, and Innocence itself. And here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe the Difference between these poor People and my genteel Parents. I never saw the least Sign of Partiality

Partiality towards *Molly*; their Indulgence was all to *Sukey*. I gave the Girls each a Ribon, upon my first coming, *Sukey* had her Choice; she wore it once, and then would have *Molly's*, because it was the prettiest; she wore that once, and then would change again. *Molly* submitted, without repining, in this and every thing else; her Father had taught her to do it, by often representing the unhappy State of her Sister, whose Temper was soured with the Misfortune of her Shape, and the bad Health it occasioned, for the poor Creature was seldom well. Had the like Consideration operated in the Breast of my Parents, I had not been at this Time recounting the various Scenes of an obscure Life. At this House I began to accuse them with my Undoing. It was
the

the first Time that such a Reflection had occurred to my Mind ; for all the Time of my being at home, was employed in forming Stratagems to conceal the private Meetings with *Dubois*.

The Neglect of my Family was a Circumstance that pleased me. If it had not begun at my first Entering my Father's Door, *Dubois* would have missed the Opportunity of shewing his Complaisance ; my Brother would not have deceived me into the Opinion of his Nobility, and I perhaps had escaped the Fascination of Love. The Result of these Thoughts was agreeable to my Wishes, as it removed some Part of the Blame which I had taken upon myself, and transferred it to my Parents. I was in this Retreat a few Weeks extremely happy. I rambled about the Fields without

without the Fear of being surpris'd, and enjoyed every new Scene, till the Pleasure was lost in Repetition. The same Prospects appeared daily; the same Actions were performed. Uniformity began to grow tiresome, and I felt (as I have somewhere read) the Weariness that hangs always upon a vacant Mind. In one of my Rambles I chanced to stray into a Field of Mr. Low's, where the Hay-makers were at work. I sat down under a Tree, where I saw a little Girl with an Infant on her Lap. I asked, how old the Child was; She said a Month, and pointing to the Hay-makers, said her Mother was there. Soon after, the Woman came to suckle it. She was a decent young Woman; very pale, and appeared much fatigued. I asked how many Children she had: Four, she replied,

plied; that Girl is six Years old, and the eldest of them. I gave the Girl Half-a-Crown, and left them, struck with the Circumstance of a Woman working in the Field so soon after her Lying-in. I found myself unhappy, tho' with more Money than I wanted, free from Restraint, quite Mistress of my own Actions, and in a good State of Health. If my Case was such, what must that poor Woman endure? Forced to work, when scarce able to do it, for a Supply of Bread, or perhaps both she and her Infants might starve. I found by Comparison that I ought to be content. I was at a Loss how to form a Wish out of my Power of Gratification; yet I was not happy. This was certainly the Fault of Nature, and no Error of mine. I considered, that every Want being supplied

was

was only a State of Inaction, and Time hung heavily on my Hands. I had nothing to pursue, but happily this little Adventure threw me into a laudable Amusement. I heard Mr. *Low* at Night tell his Wife, that he had discharged *Mary Goodwill*, because she was not strong enough to keep up with the other Women. Mrs. *Low* was compassionate, and said, Poor Creature, what did she say? Cried bitterly, the Man replied; for I believe they are ready to starve. This Discourse claimed my Attention, I asked if she was the Woman whose two Children sat under a Tree, one a Month old, the other six Years. Yes, Mrs. *Low* immediately said, and indeed they are great Objects of Charity; but we must consider our own poor dear Girl, and save all we can for her, or she will be an

Object

Object of Charity too. I acquiesced in all she said, but felt an ardent Desire to give these poor People some of that Money which lay in a little Box as useless to me as if it had been Diamonds or Dross. I had something now to think of, and, before I slept, began in Idea to clothe all the Family; and if this pleasing Train of Thought had not lulled me to sleep, I should have planned the whole Family's future Subsistence before Morning. I rose early, and walked to the Cottage. The Man was gone out to work. The Woman and Children were all clean, but their Clothing was very thin. She knew that I lodged at Farmer Low's, and as I did not immediately intimate my Business, but talked to the Children, she began very humbly to desire that I would intercede with the Farmer

Farmer to employ her again; adding,
 It is Charity to do it, for I was a long
 Time ill before I was brought to-bed,
 and my poor Husband cannot main-
 tain us all, and pay Half a Year's
 Rent, which we already owe. She
 began to cry when she named her
 Husband. I saw she was greatly affect-
 ed, and could not bear to hear another
 Word, but stopped her, with asking how
 much the Rent was. She said, Twenty
 Shillings. I gave her a Guinea: She look-
 ed wildly at me, and, I believe, was rising
 to fall on her Knees; but I kept her
 down on her Seat by Force. Her Joy
 was so extreme, that it prevented her
 uttering the Thanks she designed me,
 with any Coherence. Her Tears flowed
 now for a new and unexpected Cause;
 but her Joy was not complete till her
 Husband participated. She bid her
 eldest

eldest Girl fetch her Father, and tell him, that God Almighty had sent an Angel to their Relief. The Man was at Work in the Neighbourhood. He came running in: She held out the Guinea, saying, Look, *Thomas*, what that good Gentlewoman has given us to pay the Rent with! it is a Guinea! His Thanks and Joy were a Copy of what his Wife had exhibited; they were both alike the pure Effect of Nature. I had no Inclination to interrupt them. The Scene gave me too much Pleasure to wish an immediate End to it: But a fellow Labourer with the Man came to learn the Meaning of his Running away from his Work. This brought them to their Senses; and the Husband left us, after he had poured out his Blessings and Thanks with genuine Simplicity. The poor little

Child

Child was subject to convulsive Fits, and
 fell into one before I left the House.
 The Mother cried bitterly, and said, My
 poor Infant suffers with me : It was born
 a fine Baby, and might have continued
 so, if Heaven had sent you sooner to
 my Relief. I comforted her, and giving
 her five Shillings more, to buy
 what she and the Child might want to
 nourish them, left the House, with a
 Heart exulting with Pleasure. My
 Thoughts were now employed. I be-
 gan to consider how I might make these
 People easy in their Circumstances.
 Their Happiness was become necessary
 to my Peace. I could think of nothing
 else, and it seemed as if Heaven favoured
 my Desires; for, in the Afternoon, I
 received a Letter from Mr. Lee, which
 told me, that my Father approved of my
 Retreat,

Retreat, and would allow me a hundred and twenty Pounds a Year, that I might keep myself like a Gentlewoman; but I must not hope ever to see the Place of my Nativity again. This was a needless Prohibition, for I never desired it. My Father's Bounty might appear Generosity: It was a good-natured Action, I own, because he might have withheld the Interest of my Fortune till his Death; but then his Heir must have accounted for it. Thus he was kind without giving me any thing of his own. The Money was the more acceptable, as I had just found out the Way of purchasing Pleasure with it. I understood, by Mr. Low, that *Thomas Goodwill*, when he first married, had four Cows, and rented a little Farm; but all his Cows died of the Distemper, which raged, at that Time,

Time, among the Cattle. Grief, for his Loss, had a fatal Effect. He was seized with a Hectick Fever, which disabled him a long Time from working, and, with an increasing Family, had reduced them to what I saw. I was glad to find their Poverty had not been occasioned by Neglect or Idleness, and determined to restore them to their pristine State; but first I clothed them all. The young Child died; and when I received my next sixty Pound, I employed honest Mr. *Low* to take and stock a little Farm for them. He did it with Pleasure, and I had the Satisfaction of seeing them do well before I left the Country. The Gratitude of these People is inexpressible. I saw them three Months ago. They hung upon me, and rejoiced over me, as if the good I had done them, had been a recent

recent Action. I repeat it, I hope, without Vanity, but, I own, with exquisite Pleasure, and feeling my Heart dilate with Joy, whenever this poor Family occurs to my Thoughts. This was the best Purchase I ever made. It is a lasting Feast of Reason, a Mental Pleasure out of the Power of Fortune to snatch from me. It was a Thing of Consequence, and occasioned much Conjecture at the Time of doing it. The Good applauded it; the Envious sought for Reasons to condemn what, in their Hearts, they must approve; the Covetous called it Pride and Extravagance. It reached the Ears of the Rector, who was a middle-aged Man, had no Family, and lived about a Mile from us. He had the Curiosity to come and see the Person so much talked of. He stayed long with me, seemed surprised

at the little Knowledge I had of the World, advised me to employ my Time in Reading, and pointed out some Books, by which I might learn Mankind even in my Retirement. The *Spectators*, he said, contained a Body of useful Knowledge, and the *Rambler* and *Adventurer*, with the *Pra-ter*, which he called Modern Spectators, were lively Pictures of the present Times, and would both please and instruct at the same Time. He was not against my reading Novels, provided they were such as would amuse my Fancy, without corrupting my Morals, which he was pleased to say, were pure and simple. He complimented me upon my Understanding, praising my charitable Disposition, and undertook to instruct me in the Principles of Religion, in which he was indefatigable, and I hope his Labour was not in vain.

whence

I immediately sent, by his Direction, to a Circulating Library in *London*, from whence I had all the Books that he approved of. I went through the *Universal History*, and not satisfied with once reading, I bought them and several others that pleased me. My Life became a busy one. I had no idle Time, nor uneasy Thoughts. I made all the Linen for *Goodwill's* Family, and supplied all the poor Women in the Parish with Necessaries against their Lying-in. I visited the Sick, and never sent the Fatherless empty away. Thus I passed five Years in the Prime of Life, excluded from its Vanities, which by some are called its Pleasures; but the Remembrance of that Time will always yield me Pleasure. A little before that Period, the truly-good Parson died. His Living was given to one who had a

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better, at which he resided, and sent us down an ignorant, unlearned, conceited young Man, whose Abilities were fully recompensed with twenty Pounds a Year. This Blockhead pretended to be violently in love with me; for my Marriage, and every other Circumstance of my Life were unknown to all, but my Reverend Friend, to whom I had recounted every Particular that I have now recited. He pitied and approved of me. I in Return loved him as a Father. How then could I bear a Successor, who, in every Respect, was diametrically opposite to him? Besides his much-lamented Loss, I sustained another, which robbed me of the only Companion I had ever been acquainted with. Our pretty, agreeable, good-natured *Molly* was married, and gone some Miles from us; *Sukey* was always out of Humour; Mrs.

Low declined in Health, and consequently the House was become a melancholy Habitation to me. I once thought of removing to Farmer *Goodwill's*, for I loved the People; but I had two strong Objections: The Parson was one; for he was incorrigibly impudent in his Perseverance: The other, of more Weight, was the Trouble it would have been to Mr. *Low's* Family, to see me in the Neighbourhood, and believe themselves neglected. These Reasons determined me to leave the Country and live in *London*. I had heard from Mrs. *Greentree*, that *Dubois* had removed from that Part of the Town in which we lived, had taken a House, and was become a noted Hair-Cutter; that our pretty Sister was called his Wife, and that they had several Children. This Information

allayed my Fears in regard to him. Mr. *Lee* approved of my Design, and undertook to provide a fuitable Place of Residence for me. The Task of parting was more difficult than you, Sir, can imagine. All the People, who had partaken of my Bounty, assembled about me in the Church-Yard, after Evening Service, on the Sunday preceding the Day of my Departure. They were almost the whole Congregation; for the best of our Neighbours were only middling Farmers, whom I had obliged in Illness or Lyings-in, with giving them Wine, or sending to *London* for a little Fish, or whatever might suit a weak Stomach: These were sometimes necessary Comforts, which they did not allow themselves. The poorer Sort were noisy in their Sorrow; but *Goodwill* and his Wife were

~~were silent, their Grief was too big for~~
 Utterance. *Molly* had been with me several Days. Her Husband, though a very kind one, found it difficult to assuage her Grief. I tore myself from these grateful poor Creatures, with a Heart melted into such Tenderneſs as can only be felt on a ſimilar Occaſion. My Reſolution of leaving them faltered; but the Parſon, and Mr. *Low's* Family, came to my Aid, and the next Morning, very early, I left that peaceful Aſylum where I had learned the Way to Happineſs, notwithstanding the unfortunate Contingencies of my Life. The *Goodwill's* whole Family, with Mr. *Low's*, were the only People that ſaw my Departure; for I was not ſuſpected of leaving the Place ſo early, or I ſhould again have encountered the Lamentations from which

I had suffered so much the Day before. I had distributed all that I could conveniently spare amongst them, and left Orders with Mr. *Low*, to acquaint me if any extraordinary Exigencies required my Assistance. Mr. *Lee* had provided a Place of Reception for me in *London*, with a Gentleman who practised the Law; his Wife appeared an agreeable Woman; there were no Children, and three Servants. I boarded with them, giving a genteel Price. The first Week I was pleased with my Situation, but the next brought on *Michaelmas* Term. The Lawyer's Business began to ingross the whole Man. His Wife seemed to understand it as well as himself; for being Daughter to a Gentleman of that Profession, and naturally curious and inquisitive, she had, by satisfying the

bad I Bent

Bent of her Inclination, gained Instruction enough to comprehend all their Terms; she approved of their Chicanery, and seemed to think every thing laudable that was lawful. Her Husband no sooner returned from *Westminster-Hall*, than he began (commonly at her Request) to acquaint us with all the remarkable Causes depending or decided there. They always agreed in Opinion, and often spoke with rapturous Approbation of Actions that, to a Novice like me, appeared criminal, equally unjust, and oftentimes more injurious to the Sufferers than the petty Crimes for which poor Rogues are hanged at *Tyburn*.

If a Dispute, or trifling Quarrel, which had happened in the Neighbourhood, chanced to be named before them, they enquired immediately into the Par-

particulars of it, and, with Eagerness, interrupted their Informer at every Period, crying out, That will bear an Action! and I believe, more than once, in the short Time of my Abode with them, they aggravated Trifles and fomented Animosities that probably might ruin both Parties. Yet these People were great Pretenders to Justice, went constantly to Church, and, with the Pharisee in the Gospel, thanked God they were not guilty of the venial Sins for which they almost damned their more innocent Neighbours. I detested their Actions, returned their Civilities with Rudeness, expostulated with them upon the Villainy of their Principles, and left them abruptly, in great Amazement at my Ignorance and narrow Conceptions. Some Time after this I lodged with a Widow,

Widow, who had a House full of different People, but none that I chose to converse with. Debarred of my Country Amusements, I grew dull, and sought for something to fill up that Vacancy of Time when Reading fatigued my Spirits. I remembered, that seeing a Play had been the next Pleasure to *Dubois's* Company when I was at home ; this determined me to spend some of my Evenings there. I read the Bills every Day, and chose the Plays whose Reading had given me most Delight. My Expectation was fully answered ; but an Accident put an End to this Indulgence : For, one Night, as I was sitting in the Two-Shilling Gallery, I heard *Dubois* behind me, saying, Make Room. The Surprise deprived me of all Presence of Mind : I turned my Head suddenly, and looked him full

in the Face ; but his earnest Endeavours to get down towards the Front of the Gallery prevented his discovering me. He had our pretty Sister in his Hand. The Effect of this Sight is beyond Description ! So many contending Passions filled my Heart, Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Fear, and Indignation, that I was almost prompted to tear them both to-pieces ! Yet I sat still, without resolving what to do till the Play was over ; and then, to my great Satisfaction, they left the House : I stayed the Entertainment, to avoid encountering them again, and went home in a State of Perturbation, which baffled my strongest Efforts to appear calm ; for, on my entering the Door, I burst into such a Flood of Tears, as nothing, but the strongest Agony, could force from me. The Woman of the
House

House was frightened, imagining that I had been robbed and abused: She asked where I was hurt, and looked all over me for the Appearance of a Wound. I desired her to light me up Stairs, which she did, and helped to undress me with great Concern. I expected to be left alone to vent my Sorrow; but her Compassion prevented me: She insisted upon staying in the Room, and promised not to interrupt me with Interrogations, for I had made her understand that Consolation was troublesome. Her Reason for staying was probably very strong. I reflected afterwards upon it, and remembered some Hints, which fell from her, intimating how heinous a Crime Self-Murder was. Before Morning, I had resolved to retire far from the Danger of ever meeting with such a terrible Shock;

for

for I really think the Apparatus for the cruellest Torture could not have caused a Feeling more horrible than I underwent on seeing them in the Play-House. The next Day I acquainted Mr. *Lee* with my Intention. He approved of it; but, as it required some Time to fix on the destined Place, I was diverted from putting my Design into Execution, by hearing of a Family on *Tower-Hill*, who were desirous of taking a single Lady into their House, more for Company than Advantage. Their wanting in that Manner to increase their Family gave me a good Opinion of them. I expected to find them domestic People, and at home I was to find my future Satisfaction. The Gentleman had a profitable Place in a public Office. They had one Child out at Nurse, and kept a Maid Servant and

and a Boy. Mr. *Lee* introduced me, and became Security for my Board. This was necessary to prevent their enquiring into my Character; for my Appearance was not equal to the Expence I incurred. I even added to their Demands, hoping, by this Means, to be esteemed by them as a valuable Acquaintance. This End was answered, but my Design was defeated, and I suffered from an Excess of Civility. I was a Stranger to Ceremony, and found it subjected me to a thousand Inconveniences that broke in upon the Tranquillity and Ease which I hoped here to regain. To represent this properly, I must give you a few Anecdotes of the Family. The first Night we had two Chickens for Supper. Mr. *Sharp* (that was the Gentleman's Name) said to his Lady, My Dear, pray help Miss
Smith

Smith to Part of that Chicken, (pointing to one) for I think it is by much the finest. I beg your Pardon, my Dear, she replied; but I do not think so; therefore I shall carve the other first. Pray, Miss, what Part do you chuse? at the same Time helping me to a Leg and a Wing of the Chick that was manifestly the worst of the two. She did the same by herself, and left the best for her obliging Husband, who, I saw, was not pleased, though he forbore any farther Altercation at that Time. The Night following we had two Lobsters, when a Dispute arose about which was the heaviest. That could not be decided without a Pair of Scales, which, I understood afterwards, were bought on purpose to put an End to Disputes, when neither would yield. Thus every Meal had its Contest. If

one

one said the Meat was well drest, the other was sure to say it was spoiled, and make an Apology to me for the Stupidity of the Maid. I was often applied to for a Decision, but always declined giving my Opinion, chusing to stand neuter and offend neither, though sometimes I had scarce Patience with the Aggressor; for these Disputes often ran so high as to prevent one or both of them from appeasing their Hunger. But, in the fiercest Wrath against each other, they never forgot to load my Plate, and tease me with Civilities almost as disagreeable as their unaccountable Opposition, which was not confined to the Periods of eating, but broke out when either of them declared their Approbation of the most trifling Thing that fell in their Way. Once, for Example, they saw a
Lady

Lady with a remarkable large Nose, and speaking of it at home, Mr. *Sharp* said, A bad Nose spoiled any Face, the Prominency of it making it conspicuous. He gave her no Time for Contradiction, but added, that he thought I had a very pretty Nose. She immediately answered with seeming Wonder, and said, it was by much the worst Feature in my Face, and my Mouth was certainly the best. This he contradicted, and began to speak of the other Parts very genteelly, giving each more than was properly their Due. I am sure the Lady was not jealous, and a Competition of Faces she never deigned to think of; but the pure Spirit of Contradiction worked so powerfully within her, that she scarce left me in the Likeness of a Human Creature, and I believe, for some Moments, forgot that I was one. At last, however,

however, her Husband ceasing to speak, and dropping a gentle Reprehension concerning the Nature of her Argument, she awaked from her Reverie, and begged my Pardon with great Confusion.

What I have said may serve to evince the Disagreeableness of my Situation with these People: Yet separate they had no Fault but an Excess of Complaisance, which I strove to disregard, by considering it was in them only the Effect of Habit. If Mr. *Sharp* had spent his Evenings at a Tavern or Coffee-House, I could have continued with them; but he was always at home, which determined me to leave *London*: The little Enjoyment I had found in it, and the Danger I was subjected to, by living so near *Dubois*, confirmed my Resolution. I reflected with Pleasure

sure on the tranquil Hours I had passed with the good Parson in *Essex*, and endeavoured to find a Clergyman's Family that would admit a Stranger to participate in their Felicity. The kind Mr. *Lee* again made Enquiry for me, and found a Place in every Respect to his Mind; but I objected to the Fortune and genteel Appearance of the Family. The Gentleman had two Livings, which brought him in clear Six Hundred Pounds yearly, besides a good Estate and some Thousand Pounds in Money. He had an only Daughter about twelve Years old, who was at a Boarding-School. It was her Absence, and her Father's being often confined with the Gout, which made them desirous to encrease their Family with a Boarder, notwithstanding their Opulence. Mr.

Lee

Lee assured me, that a Price, such as I
 proposed paying for my Board, would
 be very acceptable to the Parson. This
 gave me no favourable Idea of the Man;
 but, as Perfection is not compatible
 with Humanity, I resolved to prove
 how far this Gentleman fell below it. His
 Fortune exempted him (I thought) from
 anxious Hope and Expectation. His
 Understanding and Learning were in-
 ferior to few of his dignified Brethren.
 What then but Avarice could destroy
 the Estimation of these Advantages?
 My Doubts were to be cleared by Ex-
 perience. Mr. *Lee* settled the Money
 Article, and I laid out more than I in-
 tended in Clothes to grace the Parson's
 Pew, for now my Appearance for the
 first Time engrossed a single Thought.
 In *London* I was lost in the Crowd, and
 had

had nothing to excite my Ambition in Dress. I paid a Visit, before I left *London*, to my *Essex* Friends, by whom I was received with the utmost Demonstrations of Joy. I enquired for, or saw, all the Parishioners, and after relieving the Indigent, rejoicing with the Happy, and standing Godmother to *Molly's* Daughter, I tore myself from them, not without struggling with my Inclinations. Mr. *Lee* accompanied me to Dr. *Wisball's* Parsonage-House, which was about fifty Miles from *London*. They had been School-Fellows, and though of very different Dispositions, had continued to correspond ever since that Time. This was owing to the few Opportunities they had of conversing; for Mr. *Lee* was but little acquainted with the Parsonage of his Friend, which I found

to exceed all I had comprehended under that Name. He was in a Fit of the Gout at our Arrival, and had a Right to indulge his Appetite, which I did not observe, to his Disadvantage, for some Time. I saw him haughty in his Behaviour, and imperious in his Commands. His Wife, as Mr. *Pope* says of most Women, had no Character at all. She had no Defect in her Understanding, but a long Subjection to the Parson's Doctrine of implicit Obedience had rendered easy a Life which an upper Servant would not have endured without repining. The Servants (for there were several, the Doctor being a considerable Farmer) were of the lowest Kind, and kept to the hard Fare which the Poverty of their Parents had subjected them to. This they endeavoured to hide from me, and when,

by

by Accident, I saw more than was intended, the Doctor or his Lady made a Merit of doing it, saying, as Servants were liable to return to their former Station, it would be injurious to give them a Relish of what might imbitter their future Life. Mrs. *Wisball* and myself, after a hot Dinner, always dined one or two Days on the Remains, while the Doctor's poor Stomach devoured more than we both could eat of the nicest Things that a neighbouring Market afforded. When I had been about a Month in this disagreeable Situation an Archbishop died, and the News-Paper gave an Account of several Translations, and some Promotions. Amongst these happy Gentlemen there chanced to be two who had been at College with Mr. *Wisball*. This almost drove him distracted. He exclaimed with great
Violence

Violence against Fortune, which had frustrated all his Hopes, and even cursed a Nobleman who had given him a Living of Three Hundred a Year (only because he had been his Chaplain) for not endeavouring to promote him. His Behaviour shocked me, especially when I understood that his Father was a Gardener, who had expended all his poor Fortune on the Education of this ungrateful Son, who suffered him to languish in Poverty, when Age and Decrepitude had rendered him incapable of working for his Bread. His Wife's Spirit he had subdued to a perfect State of passive Obedience, by a haughty and tyrannic Behaviour towards her, though she brought him the Estate he then possessed, with more than a Thousand Pounds in Money, and the Interest which got him his second Benefice.

Benefice. I think there was no Contradiction in his Character; for Pride and Covetousness are inseparable, and Ingratitude, their Attendant, always follows them. His being an Epicure I attributed to his Want of other Amusements. His Function, his Wife, and Gardens, together with his Study, were all neglected. His whole Desires were absorbed in the eager Pursuit of Preferment, which at once would gratify his two ruling Passions. The Nobleman, his Patron, had a fine Seat in the Parish, to which he came once in two Years. The Time drew near, and our young Lady was to come home for a Month, while the Nobleman's Family resided in the Country. Her Father, whose Pride sometimes overcame his Avarice, wrote to her Governess to spare no Expence

pence in equipping his Daughter, to make an Appearance equal to the Earl's Daughters, for he had five, and one exactly of Miss *Wishall's* Age. This, he said, was reasonable; for he hoped to live long enough to gain a Fortune for his Child double to what the Earl could give his Daughters. He had, some Years before this Period, affronted his Benefactor with Importunities which the Nobleman said were unreasonable, as his Fortune was abundantly sufficient. This had broke off all Manner of Correspondence between the Families; yet the Stupidity of our House was quickened by the Preparations made for their Coming. A Coach, which I had not seen before, was painted, and two of the best Cart-Horses laid by, and drest and fed in a proper Manner to mend their Appearance.

ance. The Doctor had new Canonicals, and his Lady a new Sack, with all other Requisites. I began to find the Clothes, which I had bought, would be necessary, for hitherto they had been useless; but an Accident prevented my seeing this Noble Family, whose Character in the Neighbourhood was revered as much as the Doctor's was despised. I intended passing the Summer with them, for the Situation of our Village was extremely pleasant; but, coming one Day out of the Garden with Mrs. *Wishall*, the Doctor threw a Letter down in great Wrath, saying, This Fellow is not to be satisfied: He has thirty Pounds a Year, besides a good House and Gardens: He came to be my Curate for twenty: I have raised him twice, and yet he has the Impudence to hope that I will consider his six Children.

dren. What have I to do with his Children? He must marry a young Lady truly! Let her Brother support him! I will give him no more! His humble Wife acquiesced, saying, Indeed, my Dear, you are in the Right of it: I think it is enough. But, no sooner had the Doctor left the Room, than she began to blame him, and pity the poor distressed Family, assuring me they were the best of People, and so beloved by the Parishioners, that her Husband could not part with Mr. *Wright* without disobligeing the whole Parish. A Thought immediately occurred to my Mind of serving these People by living with them. Their House, I understood, was large. The Doctor boasted of that, though hitherto it had been of no Advantage to them. I apprehended some Difficulty in

parting with the mercenary Doctor. My Fear of irritating him with regard to his Curate, required more Art than I was Mistress of; but, luckily, he, without intending it, instructed me how to do it. Mrs. *Wisball* did not think her ordinary Neighbours worth dressing for; so always went to Church in the Clothes she commonly wore. I followed her Example, nor had they ever seen more than one of my Gowns, nor seemed to regard what I had on; but now the Doctor himself told me, that he hoped I would dress as became a Friend and Companion of his Wife's, who always appeared as his Wife ought to do when the Earl's Family came into the Country; adding, that we must use the Coach now, though he thought walking was better for our Health. I hesitated
a little

a little before I answered, studying how I might take Advantage of what he had said. My Clothes, I told him, were such as I had been used to wear; and I did not chuse to alter my Dress, nor let the Consideration of it engross any Part of my Time; and as for the Coach, I was of his Opinion, that walking was better for me. He said no more, and I was in some Fear it would rest so; but the next Day Mrs. *Wishall* told me, that the Doctor could not think of me sitting in the Pew with her and Miss, unless I would dress in some Degree suitable to them; and Mr. *Lee* had told them I was a Baronet's Daughter, and had a good Income. I pretended to resent this Behaviour, and declared I would not be confined to follow any Rules, either in my Dress or Manner of living, but what

were prescribed by my own Inclination, and proposed leaving them directly. The Lady's Commission was at an End; it extended only to the Article of Dress. She made me no Answer; but I resumed the Topic again before the Doctor. He strove to persuade me to alter my Opinion, and appeared very unwilling to part with me; but I was obstinate, and persevered till they began to dislike me, concluding me to be singular and capricious, and not of a Disposition to continue long in a Place, and that, if I did not leave them now, there was small Probability of my staying the Winter. This they wrote to Mr. *Lee* as an Apology for putting me away. Mr. *Wright* lived about twelve Miles from us. I went there one Day without acquainting the Doctor with it. This I could easily do,

do, as we were not upon friendly Terms. I found the Family and Place agreeable; but when I told them my Business, they seemed at a Loss how to answer. In order to save them the Trouble, I immediately said, that I would furnish my own Apartment, and give them thirty Pounds a Year for my Board, and pay a Servant Wages; for I saw the poor Gentlewoman had only a Girl to assist her. I believe they had some Doubts about my Capacity to do this, till I gave Mr. *Wright* twenty Guineas, desiring him only to provide me a Bed; the other Furniture I would chuse myself. They desired to know where I came from, and who recommended me. The first Question I evaded answering; but to the second I said, the whole Parish and their own good Characters, which I was

certain, from what I saw, that I should not be deceived in. The Tears stood in both their Eyes, and it was some Moments before either spoke, when he, with a Kind of presaging Knowledge, said, I believe, Madam, Heaven has directed your Steps; I foresee a Blessing to my Family in the Relief sent us. I have applied in vain where Providence has given Abundance; but I will not repine. Gratitude is due to our Maker, and you, Madam, are the happy Instrument of easing the Anguish of Distress. I know your Heart feels the Reward. That virtuous Woman and these innocent Babes shall bless you. His Manner of uttering these Words was so feelingly pathetic, that I could not refrain from Tears; and in the Fulness of my Heart I told them how much I received yearly,
all

all of which should, for the first Year, be expended in their Family. This I had just resolved to do upon seeing six poor Children, the eldest not ten Years old, and knowing what they had to live on. Their Joy was unutterable. We parted in Silence. I durst not speak, for fear of bursting out into a loud Cry. I came home to Mr. *Wishall's* in the gayest Humour they had ever beheld me in. I told them where I had been, and my Resolution of going there to board. The Doctor, with a scornful Sneer, said, No Doubt, Madam, but you will be extremely happy. The calm Delights that you profess to love will be enjoyed to Perfection amongst a House full of naked squalling Brats. I was going up Stairs when he spoke. I made no Answer, but repeated, loud enough to be

heard, "Blessed are the Merciful, for
"they shall obtain Mercy." After this
he never spoke to me, though I stayed
several Days in his House. Our A-
greement was, to pay quarterly. My
Quarter wanted a Month to be fulfilled.
I intended paying it, though I resolved
to leave them as soon as I had Notice
that a Bed was provided for me. About
three or four Days after this, I had a
Letter from Mr. *Wright*, to acquaint me
that the Furniture of a Gentleman's
House in his Neighbourhood was to be
sold the next Day by Auction, where I
might please myself with chusing what I
approved of. I set out the next Morn-
ing early, and was received, as you
may imagine, with Gladness of Heart.
I understood the Gentleman's Heir was
in *London*, and had ordered all the Goods

to be immediately sold; and it was expected they would be bought reasonably cheap. I went and viewed them directly, and brought a Catalogue back with me. I asked Mrs. *Wright* what she wanted most. She answered very modestly, as their Family had increased so fast, it had prevented their being able to buy Bedding for them, and, if I pleased to buy some that was not too dear, the Price should be deducted out of my Board. I observed that her Kitchen was but thinly furnished. Mr. *Wright* went with me. He had twenty Pounds in his Pocket, and I had as many Guineas. The Furniture I bought for my own Room cost about twelve Pounds: Besides this, I purchased two Beds with their entire Furniture, most of the Necessaries for a Kitchen, with all the Utensils for Brew-

ing

ing and Gardening. There were not many Buyers, and no Puffers, as there are in *London*; for it was no body's Interest to enhance the Price. I had, for about thirty Pounds, Things that I thought worth fifty, and then left off bidding; but a Parcel of old Linen being put up, I bought it without examining it, to serve the Children for present Necessaries, till I could buy them new; for my Money was nearly exhausted. But my Half-Year's Annuity was due in a few Weeks, and always paid on the Day. I left Mr. *Wright* to provide a Cart, and bring the Things home. I told his Wife, that I had bought her some Bedding, but said no more. I left her to be agreeably surpris'd with the Sight of a Cart-Load of Furniture, and had myself the Satisfaction of seeing all the Villagers

lagers croud about the Cart, as the Things were taking out, with Joy in their Countenances; and one old Woman moved me much; for she came, and pressing my Hand, kissed it, saying, God bless you, Madam, and double your Store, for your Goodness to these best of People: If Mr. *Wright* had as much Money as you have, he would do just as you do. I enjoyed this, and Mrs. *Wright's* joyful Astonishment, with Rapture in my Heart. All the Things were found and complete; but the old Linen surpassed all. There was Table Linen not half wore, with six Pair of Holland Sheets in the same Condition. I desired Mrs. *Wright* to cut out all Sorts of Things for her Children, to be ready for me to make, as I proposed returning in two Days. I have said that Doctor *Wisball*

did not speak to me; but this could not prevent me having a malicious Satisfaction in mortifying him at Supper with a Repetition of all that had passed, not forgetting the old Woman. He was mean enough to take the Money for a full Quarter, though I had been but nine Weeks in his House. I was employed several Weeks at Mr. *Wright's* in making Linen for the Children, and worked as hard as if my Bread had depended on my Labour. The Satisfaction I enjoyed is inexpressible. The pretty Creatures, for they were all very beautiful, danced round me in Rapture, when I gave them their new Things, which I did at once, when they were all finished, to prevent Envy or Repining. I was not disturbed with their Squalling, as Mr. *Wishall* had foretold. The Parents were sensible, good-natured

natured People, and the Children all of a sweet Disposition, and well managed, I grew fond of them, and saw, with Pleasure, the little Arts they invented to please me, each striving which should excel, but without Quarrelling or Rancour. Mr. *Wright* was beloved almost to Adoration by the Parishioners. He deserved it well; for, though his Poverty prevented his gratifying the Dictates of his Heart in assisting their Distresses, his Assiduity in attending, comforting, and advising, the Sick or Unfortunate, gained their Esteem; and the Manner, in which he did it, their Love. His Influence over them far surpassed the extorted Obedience of the Poor in Mr. *Wisball's* Parish. They trembled at his Frown when conscious of no Fault: But with Mr. *Wright*, the Innocent were easy; nothing,

nothing, but having erred from his Precepts, made them avoid his Sight; and the Man, who had incurred his Displeasure, was looked upon by his Neighbours as fallen into a State of Contempt, and unworthy of Compassion though in Distress. One Thing, which redounds greatly to his Praise, I must not omit. When the immediate Wants of his Family were supplied, he began to represent to me the Distress of several poor industrious People, in the most pathetic Terms, to excite my Compassion and gain them Relief. This he did at a Time when he had Reason to believe, that the Whole of my Income would be appropriated to the Use of his own Family. By this Means he became the Donor; I was but the Instrument of his Benevolence. Mrs. *Wright* always assisted him in the Descriptions.

scriptions of Distress; they agreed in this, and every other valuable Quality. With such People I must be happy. I was so for almost four Years, when the Small-Pox broke out in the Village, and destroyed our Tranquillity. Mrs. *Wright* and the Children were in Danger. They had never had that cruel Distemper. A Farmer lay at the Point of Death. He sent for Mr. *Wright*, whose Duty it was to obey the Summons. He received it with a Concern that foiled his Manhood; for the Tears forced their Way with such Violence, when he kissed his Wife and Children, (which he frequently did at leaving them) that his Voice was lost, and he left us all in a State of perfect Distraction. The poor Children clung round their Mother, comforting her, and asking why their Father cried. Their
Tenderness

Tenderness increased her Sorrow. She embraced them eagerly, crying out, O, my dear Creatures! God only knows how soon I may be separated from you all, or at least lose one or more of you. I endeavoured to calm and comfort her, but could not flatter her with the Hope of escaping, if Mr. *Wright* returned home from this Man, and several others who lay in a dangerous Condition in the Neighbourhood. I had always a good Opinion of Inoculation. I proposed it to her; but she was too much agitated to think of it. About an Hour after, I saw Mr. *Wright* walking backwards and forwards in a Field adjoining to the Garden. He sometimes stood still, and looked towards the House, then walked again. This he did alternately, about Half an Hour, before I thought of going

ing to him. He was pleased to see me, and said, he wanted to consult with me, (as being their only Friend) how to proceed in this dangerous Crisis. The Farmer was dead. His shocking Appearance, with the strong Smell in the Room, he added, had determined him not to come home, as he foresaw he must attend others in the same Condition. I approved of his Resolution, and he of my Proposal concerning Inoculation. The Expence I took upon myself, and the Care, as far as I was able to perform. He went that Moment to a Physician, who lived about a Mile off, leaving me to prepare Mrs. *Wright* for it. I found some little Difficulty, at first, in persuading her; but her Husband's Desire, she said, must be obeyed. I met him again, and we settled the whole
Affair.

Affair. Mrs. *Wright* insisted on being herself the first Subject on whom the Operation should be performed, and the poor Children spared till she was capable of performing the Duty of a Mother to them. This was agreed to, and a House in the Village prepared for her Reception. The tender Parting between her and the Children makes poor all Description. The three oldest, I believe, thought they were taking an eternal Farewel of a Parent, whose proper Indulgence had rendered her extremely dear to them. I stayed by her Desire with the Children; Mr. *Wright* was with her. She had the Distemper very favourably, and likewise five of the Children; but a little Boy, of a robust Constitution and lively Spirit, was very full, and not easily managed: He was
thought

thought once to be in Danger, and then,
 and not before, his Parents thought him
 their Darling ; but he recovered, with-
 out receiving any Damage, after a longer
 Confinement than the others required.
 Their Father would not suffer any of them
 to go to Church till he thought the In-
 fection entirely removed ; and then every
 one of them, all neatly drest, (some in new
 Clothes) with their Mother, went in a
 Kind of Proceſſion ; the eldeſt Boy with
 his Father ; then two Girls, the next in
 Age ; after them, two Boys ; and laſtly,
 Mrs. *Wright* and myſelf, with the young-
 eſt Girl, almoſt four Years old, before
 us. A Gentleman had ſome Time be-
 fore this purchaſed the Houſe where the
 Auction had been. It was handſomely
 rebuilt, and the Family juſt then come
 to it. Their Coach drove to the Church-
 Gates

Gates at the same Time that we entered. Mr. *Wright* made a Halt out of Respect, and the Family passed by us, bowing and court'fying very obligingly. I observed in the Church that they whispered to one another, and looked at us with an Appearance of Satisfaction ; but particularly a young Gentleman, very finely drest, never ceased gazing at us. Mr. *Wright* returned God Thanks for the Recovery of his Family, with such a feeling Devotion as could not fail of moving every Heart : The Women mostly shed Tears ; and all joined in an *Amen* pronounced with ardent Sincerity. I am minute in this Description, because the Effect it had on the Congregation produced a Blessing quite unexpected. Before we had been at home Half an Hour, a Servant came from the Gentleman's House

House to invite Mr. *Wright* to Dinner. He immediately went, for it was no more than he had foreseen from their Behaviour. His Return was so quick, that he surprised us, for we had not dined. He came hastily into the House, and prevented Mrs. *Wright's* Apprehension by catching her in his Arms, and crying, O, my Dear, God has rewarded your Virtue and Patience! I have a Living of three hundred Pounds a Year! You may imagine, Sir, the Joy we all felt; I say *we*, because I participated in all their Cares and Pleasures. He had not stayed to dine; for no sooner did he hear the Promise made, than he begged to be excused staying Dinner, saying, he could enjoy no Satisfaction while he robbed his Family of the Joy that such happy Tidings would give them. It was

was the Gift of the fine and worthy young Gentleman. The Incumbent was dead the Week before, and he had been solicited by the two Members for the County to give it to a Doctor, who had already three Livings, with an Estate that gave him an Influence over several Freeholders, whose Votes he sold to get himself Preferment. Their Request had been disdainfully denied, and the Living reserved for the first unbeneficed and worthy Gentleman that presented himself. Mr. *Wright* was the happy Man; and the well-judging Donor had the Satisfaction to hear, that his Choice gained him universal Applause; and before Mr. *Wright* left the Place, his candid Behaviour and good Sense had wrought so powerfully in his Favour, that it was with the utmost Reluctance the worthy Family parted

parted with him. Joy for his Preference alleviated the real Concern of the Parishioners, and his Regret, at a Separation which was sensibly felt on both Sides. My Intention was, never to leave these good People; and I was on my Journey to their new Habitation when the breaking of the Chaise (which I then thought a Misfortune) was the Means of procuring me the Happiness I enjoy in this agreeable Company. Sir *William* and the Ladies returned the Compliment; and understanding, before this, that she had been in *London*, the old Lady asked, if she had seen her Father before he died. Sir *William* added, Or did you see, or hear any thing of your ungrateful Husband? These Questions occasioned an Addition to her Narrative, which she continued in these Words: My Father

died before Mr. *Wright's* Removal. A Letter from Mr. *Lee* to acquaint me of that Event prevented my going with them, by requiring my Attendance in *London*, where my Brother was then settling the Affairs of our Family. He had empowered Mr. *Leigh* to act for him, still declining to see me. I found my Father, though severe and inflexible in regard to a Reconciliation, had been exactly just ; for my Fortune, with all the accumulated Interest, was in Mr. *Leigh's* Hands. I stayed till it was properly disposed of, and then prepared to leave *London* for ever. But an Accident retarded my Journey a few Weeks. I heard, upon my Arrival in Town, that *Dubois* died a Month before my Father. Mrs. *Greentree* had just heard of it Time enough to acquaint Mr. *Lee* with it before my Father's

Father's last Will was made. This was a fortunate Circumstance for me, as it prevented the Danger of my falling again into his Hands. I had desired her to enquire into his Circumstances, and in what State our pretty Sister, as I had always called her, was left. It was with Difficulty that she found her in an obscure Alley, with two Children, very poor. I had Compassion on the unhappy Creature, and recollecting her Kindness to me, with the continual Melancholy that clouded her Countenance whenever I was in Company, determined with myself to see her, and hear by what Means she became the fatal Cause of the poignant Sorrow I had endured upon her Account. She came without Reluctance, and brought a pretty Girl with her. If my Heart had been filled with Resentment,

her wretched Appearance would have disarmed me. No Traces of Beauty remained. She was thin and meagre. Her fine Eyes were sunk, and her whole Countenance exhibited the Picture of Anguish. She shed Abundance of Tears before she began to speak ; nor was it till I had comforted her with a Promise of Assistance that she was composed enough to answer my Interrogations. I was desirous to know when and how her Connection with *Dubois* began. She begged my Pardon for the Injury she had done me, but at the same Time added, I was myself deceived, Madam, and drawn into a Marriage before I knew the Danger of trusting a Man in every Respect a Stranger to me. The Word *Marriage* alarmed me. I desired her to be particular in her Relation, both as to the
Time

Time and Manner of his Proceedings. But as her Story contains only a Repetition of perfidious Actions, it can be no Entertainment where it is not interesting. At this Period, Mrs. *Dubois* was beginning to relate what she had done for her; but the whole Company joined in requesting her to repeat the History of the poor Woman, for whose Misery they all felt some Concern. She willingly complied, and began with saying, I will repeat her Story, as near as I can remember, in her own Words, though it will lose the Energy, and appear less affecting than it did to me, accompanied at every Period with the lively Force of genuine Sorrow. My Father, she said, was of *French* Extraction. His Parents and my Mother's both left their Country, to avoid the Incon-

veniencies that a different Opinion from the established Church subjected them to. My Father died when I was a Child, and his only one. My Mother had a small Annuity, out of which she determined to save yearly a few Pounds towards a Provision for me. She was young, and might have married to Advantage; but her sole Pleasure in Life centered in me, and her whole Employ was my Education. The Example of so good a Woman did not fail of its desired Effect: I loved her, and we were happy, till I entered my sixteenth Year, when my Mother fell into a Decay of Nature, which consumed her daily, and in less than a Year carried her to the Grave. I was inconsolable, and wished to die with her. I had no Relations in *England*, and but few Acquaintance.

The

The whole of my Effects and Money amounted to about Two Hundred Pounds. I was in Suspense and unresolved concerning the Use I should put it to, when Chance brought Mr. *Dubois* in my Way. From the first Moment that he saw me, he became my Lover. His Person pleased me, and his whole Discourse was Love, Honour, Virtue, and Sincerity. I believed him almost an Angel, and blessed the Hour that brought him to my Relief. He urged me to marry him before he came into the Country with your Brother; but the Death of my Mother had rendered my Soul unfit to receive the Impression of Joy. Even Love could not at first overcome the Dejection of Spirit it had thrown me into. I refused him then, but promised, before his Return in the

Winter, to endeavour to forget my Loss; and if he found no Change in his Inclination, and I was still essential to his Happiness, he might depend upon my complying with his Desires. He was assiduous in his Attendance on me till he left the Town, and almost every Post brought me Letters filled with Tenderness and Love. He had certainly married me the Day after his Return to Town, if I had not been seized with a violent Fever in the preceding Night. Before my Recovery he had basely deceived you, and thereby your's was the lawful Marriage, though it preceded mine only a few Days. I have never known a happy Hour since his Perfidy to you came to my Knowledge, which was not till I was big with Child the second Time, and but a few Days before

I saw

I saw you. His Fondness for me was not then abated; yet he had evaded giving me satisfactory Answers, whenever I questioned him about his strange Manner of living, and why he bought me such fine Clothes and needless Ornaments. He denied his Marriage with you for some Time, but at last owned it, saying, that nothing but his excessive Passion for me, and his Incapacity to provide for me, could have forced him to it. His Intention was, if he had received your Fortune, to have taken me with it to *France*, and leave you only a small Sum to subsist on till your Friends should become reconciled. His Wick- edness shocked me, and though I then believed myself his lawful Wife, (for he swore our's was the first Marriage) yet the virtuous Principles, in which my

Mother had instructed me, began to operate on my Mind ; and as my Esteem abated, my Love cooled ; and nothing but a Regard for my Children could have forced me to live with him. I insisted upon seeing you. My Heart was ready to break before, and the innocent Simplicity, together with the melancholy Dejection of your Countenance, threw me almost into Despair. I could not forbear Upbraidings, which I believe contributed to lessen the Affection of my Husband ; and your Elopement adding to his Chagrin, he became regardless of me and my Children. Yet, as he affected to live in Credit, and had advertised himself a Hair-Cutter just come from *Paris*, and taken a handsome House, he preserved Appearances for some Time ; but his Money being all spent,

spent, and his Business but in its Infancy, (though it was increasing very fast) he could not forbear attempting to replenish his Coffers by a third Marriage. He treated with one of his Countrywomen, who was Mademoiselle, as they call them, to a young Heiress, an Orphan, with a large Fortune. The Child, for she was not fourteen, had never heard of his former Marriages, and was foolish enough, at the Importunity of her Governess, to hear his romantic Talk; and being terrified at the Thoughts of a Man (for whom she certainly began to feel some Tenderness) murdering himself for Love of her, consented to marry him. She was to follow the Example of a great Lady, to go with her Mademoiselle and knock at the Door of a Lodging he had taken for

for the Purpose, and tell the Person that opened it her Business was with Mr. *Dubois*, whom she was come to marry if he was willing. A Clergyman was provided, and proper Witnesses; but his Scheme was discovered, and his Credit blasted as a Hair-Cutter for ever. The Expence of this iniquitous Adventure almost ruined us; and another Attempt of the like Kind, upon a Widow in the City, which failed, drove him to the Verge of Madness. In his Rage he discovered them both to me, and explained the Mystery of his Behaviour, which before had puzzled me very much. This reiterated Baseness quite alienated my Affection. He became odious to me; but, as I had two Children, and was very near my Time of expecting a third, I was obliged to live

with him. But no Words are equal to my Distress, and few Imaginations, I believe, are capable of conceiving it. I had no Resource in my Affliction; for I had not a Relation in *England*, and my early Attachment to him had prevented any Connections of Friendship. His Hopes of raising a Fortune being constantly frustrated, hardened his Heart beyond the Feeling of Humanity. He beheld unmoved the Misery I endured; and, to aggravate my Sorrow, told me, that his Intention, if he had married the young Lady, was, to have got her Fortune into his Possession, and then to have quitted the Kingdom, and left us both to starve. These were his Words. From this Time we lived in extreme Indigence, without Hope, or the Power of endeavouring to mitigate our Wretchedness: Yet the
cruel

cruel Author of all never relented into any Degree of Pity towards me and my poor Infants. Even a Death-bed Sickness failed to move him. His only Regret in dying was, that your Father was living, and deprived him of the Power he might have had over you, by disposing of your Fortune. Here Mrs. Dubois ceased repeating the poor Woman's Words, but added, this dismal Account was not given without being often interrupted with Tears and violent Agitations. She had a Boy ten Years old, whom I have sent into *Yorkshire* to School. The Mother, whom I found to be a sensible, industrious, sober Woman, I fixt in a Shop at her own Desire, and have the Satisfaction of knowing that she is in a thriving Way of Business. Her Health is restored, and, in some Degree, that fatal Beauty

Beauty which caused her Ruin. Her Gratitude is equal to the Relief I granted her, which she acknowledges to be inestimable. Here Mrs. *Dubois* ended her Narrative, and appealed to Sir *William's* Candour for a Justification of her Actions. His Impartiality acquitted her; his Reason and good Sense applauded her Conduct, from the Time that she became unbiaſſed, and Miſtreſs of herſelf; yet he forbore to expatiate on the Errors of her Parents, who, he ſaid, had been ſufficiently puniſhed for their immoderate Fondneſs of one Daughter, and cruel Neglect of the other. Mrs. *Dubois* intended leaving Sir *William's* the next Day, and begged that a Servant might be ſent to procure her a Poſt-Chaiſe for that Purpoſe; but the Ladies joined in deſiring the Favour of her Company a few

few Days longer. Her easy, chearful Behaviour enlivened their Conversation, and the engaging Sweetness of Miss *Middleton*, whose Serenity of Mind appeared to be returning, had endeared her greatly to Miss *Gardiner*. Sir *William* said their Request should be granted, as it was in his Power to keep the two Ladies Prisoners; but he promised to release them the following Week; and, to prevent Accidents, said his own Chaise should carry them to their Journey's End. The Time passed agreeably, and it was with Reluctance that a Separation was effected on the appointed Day: But a future Meeting was concerted to be at Mr. *Gardiner's* House, which was not more than thirty Miles from Mr. *Wright's*. The Ladies had travelled near forty Miles, and were within a few Miles of completing

completing their Day's Journey, when they were set upon by four Men, whom they at first took to be Robbers; for two of them presented each a Pistol to the Servants, while the other two went to the Chaise-Door. Mrs. *Dubois* was taking her Purse out of her Pocket very calmly, and desired the Men to be civil, when one of them swore, it was not Money that they wanted, but the young Lady who had run away from her Uncle. Miss *Middleton's* Fright had almost deprived her of Sense; but the Word *Uncle* roused her, and she struggled with all her Might to resist them. But her Efforts, with the Aid of Mrs. *Dubois*, were vain and useless. She was taken out of the Chaise by a strong Man, and placed on a Horse before another of the Ravishers, who immediately rode away, while

while the two with Pistols stayed some Minutes in a threatening Posture, to give their Companions Time to put her into a Post-Chaise which stood out of Sight. When they thought that was done, they galloped away, and left poor Mrs. *Dubois* in the utmost Consternation; but she quickly resolved to return to Sir *William's*, and write from thence to acquaint Mr. *Lee* with the Accident. She expected from him to gain some Intelligence of her lost Friend, being well assured, that nothing, but such a Confinement as no Law could warrant, would prevent Miss *Middleton's* applying to him for Redress. Sir *William's* Family were all concerned for the young Lady's Disappointment; but, as they apprehended no Harm would ensue, they looked upon the Pleasure of Mrs. *Dubois's*

bois's Company as a full Compensation for it. There we must leave her some Time, exercising herself in beneficent Actions, to follow the young Lady, whose Misfortune was greater than they apprehended. She enquired of the Men, whither they were ordered to carry her; for she knew their Direction was not towards *London*. They refused to answer her till the next Day, when the Man, who sat in the Chaise with her, said he knew nothing of her Uncle; nor were they employed by a Linen-Draper, nor any such low People; for it was a young Nobleman who was in Love with her, that was at the Expence of their Journey, adding, And I assure you, Miss, it will cost him a sweet Penny, for we refused to run the Hazard for common Wages. The Fellow extolled the Gentleman's Generosity,

rosity, and said it was her own Fault if she was not happy with him. This Discourse had the Effect, which may naturally be conceived by a virtuous Mind. It was a new and unthought-of Misfortune. Her Uncle's Rigour, and even the Loss of Mr. *Lee*, appeared unequal to it. She even wished herself the Wife of her Booby Cousin, or the industrious Inhabitant of the meanest Cottage they had seen. She prayed ardently for Deliverance, and was forming improbable Schemes, when one of the Men rode up to the Chaise, and said, I will leave you now; I believe there is no Danger of a Pursuit. The Fellow within said, Both you and *Richard* may go, and tell his Honour of our Success. They departed, and Miss *Middleton* determined, whatever might be the Consequence, to cry out for Help.

Help, as soon as she saw either a House or a Traveller. She had but just taken this Resolution, when a Gentleman and his Servant appeared at a Distance. She was quiet till they were very near the Chaise, and then began to exalt her Voice with great Vehemence. Her Companion endeavoured to stop her Noise, but it was too late; for the Gentleman had Pistols, and immediately pointing one at the Driver, commanded him to stand still. The Fellow obeyed; but how excessive was Miss *Middleton's* Joy, when she saw the Son of the worthy Sir *William Gardiner*. He might not, perhaps, immediately recollect her Face. The Violence of her Grief had swelled her Features, and her Eyes were red with Weeping. The Villain in the Chaise was beginning to say, that she had run away from

from her Father, when Mr. *Gardiner* hearing her call him by his Name, perceived that she was the young Lady he had once seen at his Father's. He opened the Chaise-Door, and she, without being opposed, jumped out. The Driver flew away with the Chaise, nor did Mr. *Gardiner* think of stopping him till he was out of Sight. Miss acquainted him, in a few Words, with her Misfortune, and he was kind enough to defer his intended Journey, and turn back with her to his own House, which was not more than two Miles off. The Lady could not ride, having never been on a Horse. The Servant was therefore dispatched back to fetch the Chariot, while his Master sat on a Bank with the Lady, who informed him more fully of all that had happened to her. The Man made incredible

dible Haste, for the Chariot appeared before she thought he had reached the House. The sudden Transition, from an Extremity of Despair to a State of Ease and Security, elevated her Mind with an unusual Joy. She had no Care now, but what she felt for her Friend, whose Uncertainty, concerning the State she was in, must destroy the Tranquillity of her Mind; but this Mr. *Gardiner* promised to remove, by sending a Man to his Father's that very Night. He wrote an Account of the Means by which she had been delivered, and gave Mrs. *Dubois* an Invitation to his House, (in her Way to Mr. *Wright's*) where, he said, Miss *Middleton* would stay, as it was but a few Miles out of her Way thither. Mr. *Gardiner* had a House-Keeper, a well-bred Woman about fifty, to whose Care he recommended-

commended the Lady. The Fatigue she had undergone caused her to require immediate Rest. A Bed was prepared, and, after she had taken some Refreshment, the House-Keeper conducted her to it; where, having returned Thanks for the Blessing received, and implored the Protection of Heaven, she fell into the Sleep of Innocence and Ease; for Mr. Lee was this Night almost obliterated from her Memory. The next Morning she found Mr. Gardiner's whole Attention fixt on herself. He watched her Eyes, and the Motions of her Heart; not a Sigh, nor even a vacant Look, escaped him. He asked the Cause, with an apparent Design of affording Relief. He anticipated her Wants and Desires, as far as he possibly could. The House-Keeper brought her clean Linen of
all

all Sorts, finer than she could reasonably expect from her. He led her into a fine Library, where not only Books, but a Harpsichord and two Guittars gave him an Opportunity of soliciting a Pleasure, which he found her capable of giving upon the first Sight of those Instruments; for she was, by Nature, Inclination, and Instruction, become a Proficient in the Science of Music. She obliged him with her Performance; and he in return endeavoured to sooth her Vanity, (believing her to be tinctured with the Folly of her Sex) by appearing in extravagant Raptures, and vowing that she excelled the celebrated *Handel*. His Adoration was not confined to Music alone. Her Choice of Books was judicious, and her Contempt of the vague and trifling Amusements too ardently pursued by Ladies

of her Age, (this Contempt he quickly discovered by her Discourse) greatly enhanced her Value; and the Conquest of her Heart appeared to him a Thing worth more Trouble than he had hitherto thought any Woman deserved. The Servant did not return from his Father's till the fourth Day, and then greatly disappointed the young Lady, by saying, that Mrs. *Dubois* was gone to *London*, with Sir *William*, his Lady, and Daughter, who were to return in a Fortnight; for which Reason they had left no Direction where they were to be found. Miss *Middleton* was at a Loss how to act properly in her odd Situation. To stay so long with Mr. *Gardiner*, she thought by no Means eligible. Mr. *Wright's* Family were Strangers to her, and to return to *London* was to fly in the Face of Danger.

Sir

Sir *William's* House seemed the Medium, and there she resolved to wait till she heard from Mr. *Lee*, to whom she proposed writing by the next Post. She communicated her Intention to Mr. *Gardiner*, desiring him to add one Obligation more to those he had already conferred on her, which was, to procure her the Means of returning to his Father's. He at first treated her Request as a Thing of Indifference, saying, she might as well wait at his House till she heard from her Friends, as pass her Time among Servants, who were almost Strangers to her; but this Answer not satisfying her, he was forced, by her Importunities, into Evasions, which created Doubts in her Breast. She considered his Behaviour, and found something in it that appeared mysterious. He acted

the Lover without declaring himself one: When she talked of going, he shewed a Reluctance at the Thought of parting with her, but never (as she expected) offered to conduct her to his Father's House. He would sometimes snatch her Hand and kiss it with all the Ardour of Love, and two or three Times proceeded to little Liberties, which the Delicacy of *Mr. Lee's* Passion had never attempted. She was restrained, by her Obligations to him, from treating his Behaviour as she thought it deserved, and continued several Days in the uneasy State of Suspense; but an Accident brought to Light a Certainty, which involved her in new Difficulties, out of which she saw no probable Means of extricating herself. *Mr. Gardiner* had always attended her in her Walks about his House and Gardens, till
one

one Day, when a Gentleman calling on him gave her an Opportunity of wandering alone. She was without Intention got among his Stables, her whole Thoughts ingrossed by the Oddness of his Behaviour, when a Man leading a Horse came out of a Stable. She started and screamed: The Man ran back, but not before she was well assured, that he was the very Person who rode in the Chaise with her, though Mr. *Gardiner's* Livery, which he now appeared in, made some Alteration in him. His Face, which she had contemplated with Horror, continued the same. She was some Minutes in Doubt what to do, but continued loitering on without Design, till she saw the Coach-Houses with the Doors open. This suggested to her the Thought of searching for the Post-Chaise,

Chaise, which she had remarked very particularly. She soon found the fatal Machine, and with it a full Corroboration of all her Suspicions. With a Resolution never to return, she was flying from the House as fast as her Strength would permit, and had just entered a high Road, when she heard a Man behind her. She turned her Head back, and saw the same dreaded Wretch pursuing her. He used no Ceremony, but seized her with Violence, crying, Hold, Madam, so much Trouble as we have been at to get you is not to be lost now: Please to come with me: I'll take you to a Place of Safety: You'll lose your Way, and be picked up by some beggarly Scoundrel that has not Half my Master's Fortune: Come, come, what can you do better? You're but a Linen-Draper's Niece,

Niece, and have run away from him too, I understand. While he was saying this, he held her without forcing her backward; but when he found that she exerted herself to get loose, he dragged her along towards the Stables, and calling aloud, *Ned, Ned*, the Driver of the Post-Chaise came to his Assistance, and, in a few Minutes, the Alarm being given, the other two Fellows who pistoll'd Sir *William's* Servants came to him, and seeing the poor Lady almost breathless, rejoiced with senseless Sarcasms on her feeble Efforts. By this Time Mr. *Gardiner*, having parted with his Acquaintance, was ranging about his Gardens to find her. The Cries of a Woman in Distress touched his Humanity; he hastened to her Relief; but conscious Guilt, when he saw who it was, quite stupefied him;

he was ashamed to release her, and had not the Power to command his Servants to desist; but they immediately quitting their Hold, left their Master to contend with the Lady, who finding his Designs abortive, and his Villainy betrayed, reassumed his easy Impudence, and asked her calmly, Why she continued to make a Noise when the Men were going to leave her with him alone, whom she had acknowledged for her Deliverer. This taunting Speech roused all the Fury in her Soul: She made use of Epithets to express her Rage unknown to herself before: She called him the spurious Son of her worthy Friend, saying, some Thief had basely made an Exchange of Children. He did not stand to hear her just Complaints, but, taking hold of her Arm, led her back, saying

ing he had used every Means to conciliate her Affections, and gain her Heart; but, since he had been so unhappily disappointed by her Insensibility, she ought not to be surpris'd, if he used other Methods; adding, What can a pretty Girl, like you, expect? an Orphan, as I understand you are, with but one Friend, and him you have basely deserted! What can happen to you, after such an ungrateful Elopement, better than you may enjoy with me? You know, I saw you at my Father's, and I pitied your Condition; for it was plain that you was a Slave to the very Looks of that pert, talkative, little Woman, who only carried you into the Country with her, to exercise an Authority always arrogated to themselves by such self-sufficient ignorant Creatures as I discovered her to

be. She wanted a Toad-Eater, and discovered in you a docile Temper, properly adapted to such an abject Dependance. He continued his Persuasives till they reached the House, without being regarded by the young Lady; but at the Entrance she made a Stand, and looked on every Side, to see if she could discover any human Creature. She would have applied to a Passenger, though a Beggar, without any Hopes indeed of immediate Relief; but that Beggar, she thought, might spread the Report of the Outrage, which she determined should be exercised on her, before she suffered herself to be carried to the hated Mansion destined for her Prison. In vain she looked, and in vain were her Efforts, by which she almost destroyed herself. The first sensible Reflections she

was

was capable of making were on that very
 Bed where she had once enjoyed the sweet
 Repose of undisturbed Security. How
 changed was her Condition ! How hope-
 less her Situation ! The Messenger sent
 to Sir *William* had deceived her. She
 found no Possibility of a Resource but
 by applying to the House-Keeper, with
 large Promises of Reward if she would
 favour her Escape ; but this Woman,
 who had been used to think the Pleasure
 of Conquest superlative, till she grew a
 superannuated Being in a Way of Life
 that required only superficial Talents to
 recommend it, seemed astonished at her
 Complaints, and solemnly declared that
 she saw no Cause for Uneasiness. Money
 might have tempted her, but the young
 Lady could not persuade her to rely on
 the most sacred and solemn Vows of Per-
 formance.

formance. Her corrupt Heart biaſſed her Judgment, and made her diſtruſt the Truth of every thing that depended on the uncertain Tie of Honour. She acquainted her Maſter with all that ſhe heard, hoping by that Means to gain an immediate Reward adequate to that which ſhe had reſuſed. Her Fidelity pleaſed him, and Miſs *Middleton* was conſigned to the ſole Care of this Wretch, who perpetually tormented her with Importunities that added to the Miſery of Confinement. Mr. *Gardiner*, indeed, believed her to be juſt what he had ſaid, and Mrs. *Dubois* no better than an oſtentatious vain Woman, fond of appearing benevolent. He formed his Judgment by what his Man had picked up among Sir *William's* Servants when he dined with them, who pitied Miſs *Middleton's* State, believing her wholly

wholly dependent on Mrs. *Dubois*; and that her visible Depression of Spirits, which they could not account for, proceeded only from her uneasy Situation. They had heard something of her Elopement from her Uncle, and the Word *Linan-Draper* conveyed but a low Idea of her Birth. This Report, joined with the Beauty and sweet Simplicity of the young Lady, inspired him with the Thought of getting her into his Hands by Force, believing the Accomplishment of that the greatest Difficulty he should meet with; but her unaffected Modesty and virtuous Sentiments, which he soon discovered, checked his licentious Intentions, and he found the Conquest of her Heart was become essential to his Happiness. This he was endeavouring to gain by every artful Practice, when she discovered

vered him to be her Ravisher. Her Humility had prevented her intimating any thing concerning her Fortune till she found it necessary to bribe the Woman, and then it was too late ; for neither she nor her Master believed it, and the innocent Lady lost his Esteem by the Disingenuity of her Behaviour, as he called her honest Endeavours to effect her Escape. He had before this treated her with Respect, but his Complaisance was at an End, and his Patience beginning to fail, when an Accident saved the Lady from his premeditated Scheme to ruin her, which a few Nights Respite would soon have accomplished. A Boy, who lay over the Stables, had fallen asleep and left his Candle burning, which being thrown down, as was supposed, by a Dog, who was in the Room,

set

set Fire to the Place. The Family was alarmed, and every Mind attentive to secure their Master's Property, or their own Persons, for the House was in Danger; and the Darkness of the Night making the Flames appear the more terrible, brought in a little Time the whole Neighbourhood to their Assistance. Every Thing was in Confusion. A Fire had never been seen by any of them before; and it was owing to the Nature of the Building, more than to the distracted Multitude, that it was prevented from communicating itself to the House, and stopt without doing any material Damage. In the Fright Miss *Middleton* was not remembered by any of the Family; but she happily had the Presence of Mind to think this a proper Time to effect her Escape. She dressed herself

self immediately, and as her hated Bed-fellow, the House-Keeper, who ran down Stairs upon the first Alarm of the Fire, had left the Room-Door open, she stole down the Back-Stairs unseen, and was crossing the Hall to get out at the Front-Door, when several People entering caused her to turn aside, and go into the Garden. She was observed by an old Gardener, who had lived many Years in the Family. He followed her to a Door through which she was just going, when he stopt her, asking, what was her Design in leaving the House, when the Danger was over? She was some Minutes before she answered him; but recollecting, that she had seen him look with a kind Concern at her, when she was walking with Mr. *Gardiner* or his House-keeper (for she had never been suffered

to go into the Garden alone) she fell on her Knees, beseeching him not to prevent her flying from a Place where certain Ruin awaited her. He answered in a low Voice, Make no Noise, nor fear any Danger, but follow me; I will secure you. If you leave this Place now, you cannot escape out of the Neighbourhood. Some of the People will meet you, and they are all my young Master's Tenants; say nothing. She observed strictly his Injunction of being silent, and he led her into his own Habitation, which consisted of two little Rooms, built over a Place necessary for Gardeners to reposit their labouring Utensils. They were in the Dark, and he said it was absolute Necessity that forced him to leave her in that Condition; for should he be missing in the

Search

Search that would certainly be made for her as soon as the Hurry was over, they might come to enquire if he had seen her, and perhaps, without much Suspicion, look into his little Place, where there was no Closet nor even a Cupboard to conceal her. This was sufficient to make her beg of him to fly: He immediately joined the Croud, and appeared in so much Terror, that Mr. *Gardiner*, who saw him, said, Do not be so uneasy, *Thomas*, the Danger is all over, and the Loss but trifling. I am obliged to you for your Concern, drink what you like, and go to your Bed. But the old Man was in no Haste to leave the House. He expected what happened in a few Minutes. The Lady could not be found. Mr. *Gardiner* behaved like a mad Man. He swore, if
she

she was lost, it was a thousand Times more to him than if all the Houses in the Nation were burnt to the Ground. His Fury amazed the Tenants and Servants, who were regaling themselves by his Orders. They separated, and flew different Ways in pursuit of her. The good Gardener chose the Men that worked under him, saying, With the Help of these I will engage to find her, if she be in any Part of the Garden. His Master, who had heard his Honesty and Fidelity extolled by his Uncle, to whom he had been a faithful Servant thirty Years, readily committed that Department to him, and dispatched his other Dependents to range the whole Vicinity, promising more than was requisite to hasten their Pursuit. The Gardens were thoroughly searched, and the fatigued Condition

Condition of the poor old Man, when he reported their Want of Success, moved Mr. *Gardiner's* Compassion. He dismissed him with saying, I am sorry, that your Diligence has hurt you so much as I see it has; but I will remember you for this kind Assistance: Go to rest; you want it. Poor Miss *Middleton*, who had seen the Lights in the Gardens often approach very near her Place of Refuge, suffered extreme Agonies, till the old Man returned, and told her how well he performed the Part of an Hypocrite; adding, I always loved the Truth, and hated deceiving any body, but in a Case like this I hope a little Falsity will be forgiven. If he had any Doubts remaining after this Speech, Miss *Middleton* removed them, by assuring him, that he had saved an innocent helpless Orphan,

with

with virtuous Inclinations, from irretrievable Ruin. Compassion operating with her Beauty and Anxiety made the good Man feel the tender Emotions of Humanity. He wiped his Eyes, and said, I am sure I shall never repent what I have done this Night. He forced her to take his Bed, and lay himself upon the best Heap of his dried Garden-Stuff, where his Sleep was undisturbed by conscious Guilt, though he had deceived his Benefactor. The next Day he heard from the young Lady the Particulars of his Master's Behaviour to her, with the most Part of which he was already acquainted. He very devoutly thanked Heaven for preserving him from committing such sad wicked Actions. Miss wanted to write a few Letters; but he had no Materials, for the old Man was no Scholar. Nevertheless,

less, after considering a little Time, he said, I believe I can steal the Butler's Ink-Horn while Master is at Dinner, and mayhap I can get a Bit of Paper. This was executed that very Day, and the honest Man returned the Ink-Horn to its Place before it was missed; but, alas! one Quarter of a Sheet of Paper was all the Theft he could, with the utmost Industry, commit in the whole House. It could not be divided; therefore Miss wrote to *Chancery-Lane*, as Mr. *Lee* would certainly know how to acquaint Mrs. *Dubois* with her present Situation. They were two Miles from a Post Town, which the good Man said should be no Obstacle, for he would go directly and carry the Letter. He did so, and at the Door of the Post-House took it out of his Pocket, and looked at
it

it to see if it was not damaged. He gave the People a particular Charge to take Care of it, and send it immediately. He had no other Business in the Town, so turned back, towards home well pleased with what he had done; but his great Care rendered ineffectual his good Intentions, for Mr. *Gardiner* was in the Town a little before him, and from a Window opposite saw him examine the Outside of the Letter. He knew it could not be his own, and considering that no body in his Neighbourhood nor Family would send the old Man on Foot two Miles with a Letter, concluded immediately that Miss *Middleton* must be secreted by him. He resolved therefore to get it if possible, and going to the House, asked for the Letter brought by his Gardener. It lay before him, the Direction upwards.

Mr.

Mr. Lee he had heard often spoke of as a Friend to the Lady. The Hand-Writing he likewise knew, and seising it, said, This is it; something must be added to it before it is sent. The People knew both him and his Servants, and not having observed that the Direction was wrote by a Woman, (for it was a fine *Italian* Hand) let him take it without Scruple. The Contents satisfied him. He returned home that Minute, and past the old Man in the Road without taking any Notice of him. He left his Horse at the Stable-Door, and went directly to the Place where the Lady was concealed, who fortunately stood at a Window, and saw him coming down directly towards her. The Haste he made, and his eager Looks, alarmed her. She ran down Stairs, and had just Time to turn
the

a Corner of the Building, which conveyed her out of his Sight, but not out of the Hearing of his Footsteps. She trembled extremely; but the immediate Danger hastened her Flight. She got into a little Wilderness, and then stood a few Minutes to consider what Course in this Emergency could be taken. She knew every Avenue round the House. Her continual meditating how to escape, had caused her to make strict Observations. There was a Wood at a small Distance. The Way to it she knew; and, fortunately, the Gardener had left the Key in a Door at the Bottom of the Garden, (a Thing not usual with him). She opened it, and, locking it on the Outside, to prevent Suspicion, threw the Key into a Pit. It was just past Sunset when she entered the Wood, unknown,

knowing, and indeed without thinking, of any thing beyond it. Her only Wish was to gain a Place of immediate Con-
cealment. She strove to penetrate into the most impervious Part, regardless of the many thorny Obstructions that tore her Skin and rent her Garments. After labouring a considerable Time, she found herself on a Spot of Ground in Extent just sufficient to admit of a Resting-Place, and so surrounded with Thorns, Shrubs, and Trees, that every Passage was stopt but that by which she came, and even that was not to be re-entered without Difficulty. Tired and fatigued, unable to press forward, dreading to return, in the Moment of Uncertainty, she sunk down upon the Grass, and felt that Ease which only exhausted Nature can experience. For some Minutes, she had almost

almost forgot her Apprehensions, till the Squirrels, whom she had roused, began to leap from Bough to Bough. Their Motion terrified her. She started up in Horror, expecting every Moment to be seized by an irresistible Arm. She was incapable of resolving what to do, till a Squirrel, that missed his Footing, fell upon her Shoulder. She dropt instantly on the Ground, crying out, O Heaven, protect me, or I am lost! Some Minutes elapsed without any Sensibility; but Thought returning renewed her Fears, till, Reason calling upon her to listen from whence those Fears arose, she found herself at Liberty, and, after some Attention, perceived that the Noise proceeded from the Boughs over her Head, where no human Creature (her only Enemies) could possibly exist. She consid-

dered the extreme Hardship and Difficulty she had encountered before she reached this Spot, and from thence hoped to find it a Place of Security till the Morning. She had slept little the preceding Night. Nature was harrassed and required Rest; but her Fears prevented it some Hours, notwithstanding her Endeavours to calm her Apprehensions, by relying on the Protector of Innocence in Distress. It was almost the Time when Day begins to open on our Hemisphere, before she gained the Balm of Sorrow, which was of short Continuance; for a large Frog, in its Progress, mounted on her Arm. The extreme Coldness of the Reptile caused her immediately to clap her Hand upon it. She had always dreaded even the Sight of a Toad. Her first Thought therefore naturally suggesting

gesting this Creature to be one, she started up and screamed aloud. Her Endeavours to fly were on every Side obstructed. She tore her Arms in vain, till, wearied with painful Struggling, she leaned herself against a Tree, and gave way to Despair, accusing Providence with Partiality, when she recollected how many Wretches in the World, guilty of the most atrocious Crimes, were then sleeping in Security, free from the Dangers that surrounded her. But, in the Midst of these tormenting Reflections, the Words of her good Aunt occurred to her Mind, and brought the salutary Peace she so much wanted. She had often heard her say, that the Guilty alone were truly wretched; for the Innocent had always a Resource in their Integrity, and, however afflicted, their

Miseries were but temporary, and abated much of their usual Poignancy, if born with Patience, Fortitude, and pious Resignation. The Day began to dawn, and her Fears to dissipate. She strove with Caution to break her Way through the rugged Exuberance of Nature, and effected it without suffering from her own Violence. She found herself beyond the Wood, on the opposite Side from Mr. *Gardiner's* House. This she knew by a Steeple, which she had observed before. Her Desire to fly further from Danger was impeded by the Weakness of her Body. It was impossible that Nature should equal her Wishes. She yielded with Reluctance; but, unable to stand any longer, the Ground became her Pillow. Apprehension ceased, and she fell into a sound Sleep. With the
Rising-

Rising-Sun, a Farmer's Servant rose to perform his daily Task. His Road lay within Sight of the sleeping Lady. Her gay Appearance allured him. He crossed the Field, and came to her. He gazed with Admiration on the Beauties of her Face. The severe Exercise she had undergone had occasioned a rosy Colour in her Cheeks, which was still remaining. Her lovely Arms lay extended on the Grass, and exhibited the crimson Scars which the Briers had cruelly imprinted on them. The Clown considered the Contrast only as it added Beauty to the whitest Skin he had ever seen. A natural Impulse was forcing him to kneel down and steal a Kiss, when a hoarse Voice from below (for she lay on a Declivity) alarmed him, with saying, Sirrah, why do you loiter! I'll be with

you immediately! These Words, from a cruel Master (for the Lad was a Parish Apprentice) banished all tender Sensations, and he ran full Speed to his Work. The Farmer could not see *Marianne* as she lay. He was a Tenant of Mr. *Gardiner's*, who, the Night before, had sent to him, and all his other Dependants, to acquaint them with his Loss. The promised Reward had caused this Wretch to leave his Bed; and he was then going into the very Wood she had just quitted in Search of her.

About an Hour after this, an honest humane Farmer, who was not a Tenant to Mr. *Gardiner*, passed by the Lad who had seen *Marianne*. His Thoughts were still employed in recollecting her Idea, and cursing his Master; he told Mr. *Dormer* (for that was the Farmer's Name)

what

what he had seen, describing the Place where she lay. This was enough ; without seeming to observe him, the Farmer hastened to the Place. Her Beauty surprised him as much as it had the Looby who sent him, but the Effect was very different. Mr. *Dormer's* Admiration was attended by Compassion for the Object he beheld, which raised his Anger against the despicable Wretch (for in that Light this plain Man considered Mr. *Gardiner*) who sought to destroy the Virtue, which his Heart, in Spite of his utmost Efforts, still approved and admired. He used some gentle Means to wake her ; but finding her still insensible, he took her up in his Arms, to carry her home in that peaceful Condition. The Motion disturbed her ; she opened her Eyes, and at the

same Time finding her Liberty restrained, exerted all her Strength to get from him, crying out, For Heaven's Sake ! Good Sir, have Pity on me ! O kill me, rather than carry me back to Mr. *Gardiner* ! She would have continued her Intreaties, but he stopt her with saying, Sweet Lady, cease to be afraid : I am no Friend nor Servant to that vile Man ; I hate his Villainy : Come to my House with me ; but do not make a Noise, for the whole Neighbourhood is in Pursuit of you. This calmed her ; she believed him ; and till they reached his House, continued silent. He used some Precaution in getting her safe into his Wife's Bed-Chamber ; for he would not trust to the Fidelity of his Servants. The good Woman was surpris'd ; but few Words were requisite to make her understand

understand who the young Lady was, when she saw her ready to fall on her Knees to her Husband, acknowledging her Obligations to Heaven and him. She rose immediately ; the Farmer left the Room ; and Miss *Middleton* was put into Bed, where, after drinking a little Ale, (for she was both faint and thirsty) she fell into a sweet Repose, and continued in it many Hours. When she awoke, there sat by her Bed-Side one of the Farmer's Daughters, who, without speaking, ran to fetch her Mother.

The humane Woman, who before had only assisted to relieve Distress, now poured out the Fullness of her Heart in the sweetest Cadence of Voice ; for seizing *Marianne's* Hand, she kissed it, saying, O thou pretty Creature, what Pity it is to see such sad Scars on Arms like these !

yet this is nothing ; perhaps you have a Mother, and mayhap you called on her too in your Distress ; little does she think where you are. I have Daughters of my own ; God preserve them from such naughty Men ! But take Comfort, we'll do all we can for you ; my Husband is not afraid of Mr. *Gardiner* ; we have a better Landlord. The Tenderness of this poor Woman caused *Marianne* to weep extremely ; and in the Midst of her Sorrow she cried, Alas, I have no Mother ! The Loss of her, and a good Aunt, have made me for ever unhappy ! This Reflection carried her back to Love, and Mr. *Leigh*. She continued weeping till a Chicken was brought for her Dinner. Mrs. *Dormer*, after using several kind Words, more friendly and sincere than polite, left her with her Daughter, a pretty

a pretty modest young Woman, who returned Sigh for Sigh, and equalled *Marianne* in Tears. Their present Cause for Grief sprung in each from the same Original, though each disguised the Effect. The Farmer came in, and looking at them both, cried, Hey-dey ! what's the Matter now ? this foolish Girl of mine is in Love ! but I dare say you have more Sense, Madam, or something else to think of ; for I hear the 'Squire says, he's resolved to have you again, cost what it will. He has offered one of my Men Ten Guineas if he can discover you. It seems, he has some Suspicion that you are here, from what that foolish Lad has reported, who saw you, and told me where to find you ; but the Fellow swore you had never been in this House. He wishes heartily that he may meet with
you

you, and get the Money. This Intelligence terrified *Marianne*. She trembled with Apprehension, saying, Alas ! what will become of me ? Don't be cast down, Mr. *Dormer* replied ; we would send you home, (for to be sure you have a Home) but I am informed there are Spies at all the Inns round about us. You are welcome to stay here as long as you please ; but, for Fear of an unlucky Accident, my Wife's Advice is, to send you to our Landlord ; it is about twelve Miles off ; they are very good Gentlefolks, and cannot abide the 'Squire. If he should know of your being there, he dare not use any Violence, for they are richer than he is ; but he may bring a Gang, of Fellows and storm my House. *Marianne* approved of this Expedient :— But is there no Danger in getting there ?
Won't

Won't his Spies meet us? I hope not, Madam, for it is a private Road; they, I find, are chiefly placed to prevent your going towards *London*. If you can ride, I will carry you behind me. We will set out about Midnight. This was agreed upon, and the Time appointed was the second Night from that Day. *Marianne* desired, that *Jenny*, the sympathizing Girl, might stay with her. The Farmer replied, With all my Heart; but I think *Nanny* would divert you; for this Girl does nothing but fret. She is a good and dutiful Child, but wants to ruin herself. If I could spare Money to stock a little Farm, she should marry *Thomas* with all my Heart; for I have no Objection to him; he is an honest industrious Lad; but a Day-Labourer's Wife, when Children come on, leads but a poor Life.

Marianne

Marianne made no Reply to the Love Affair, only chose *Jenny*. The Father left her to go about his Business, and Love became the Subject of their Discourse. *Jenny* said, *Thomas* had been brought up by her Father, his own being dead; she had always loved him as well as her Brothers; but some how or other, for two or three Years past, he had been so fond of her, that now she loved him better than all the World, and should certainly break her Heart if her Father did not take him again. This artless Speech pleased *Marianne*. She comforted the Girl, and promised to intercede with her Father in *Thomas's* Behalf. She intended indeed to do it effectually, by a Supply of Money sufficient to their Wants. *Jenny* seldom left her till the appointed Hour of Separation. She had indulged her own

Passion

Passion freely, and pleased *Marianne* with
 discoursing only on the Topic of Love,
 which was a Theme carefully avoided by
 Mrs. *Dubois*. Mr. *Dormer* chose a Horse
 fitted for the Purpose, and *Marianne* was
 placed behind. *Jenny* wept. The ten-
 der Mother poured forth Prayers and
 Blessings profusely from a sincere Heart.
 Their Kindness was returned by *Marianne*,
 whose grateful Soul meditated adequate
 Rewards, which the Reader will find
 were not forgot. Unused to this Way of
 travelling, it was with great Difficulty she
 kept her Seat. The Fear of falling sus-
 pended every other Thought, till they
 came into the Road before Mr. *Gardiner's*
 House (for by it they must go). A Mastiff
 Dog, whose Kennel was in the front
 Court, began to bark with great Vocife-
 ration, just as they past the Gate. His
 well-

well-known Voice shook *Marianne's* Resolution. She trembled with the Apprehension of hearing a more tremendous Noise from his Master. Her Guide, stimulated by the same Fear, spurred his gentle Beast; the sudden Pain caused a Start, which laid *Marianne* on the Ground. That Moment the Hall-Door opened. The Farmer had the happy Presence of Mind to ride on and leave the Lady. She lay still by Chance; her Fear made her incapable of any Determination. A Window opened, and she heard Mr. *Gardiner* ask the Servant the Cause why the Dog barked. The Man answered, I hear nothing but a Horse galloping by. The Window and Gate were immediately shut. The Farmer stopt at some Distance, and tied his Horse to a Gate. He crept softly back to *Marianne*, and speaking very low,

low, said, Don't be frightened, the Danger is over. He helped her up, they walked to the Horse. He mounted, and she, from the Gate, endeavoured several Times to get behind him; but Fear, and Want of Experience, prevented her accomplishing it. He got his Horse close to the Gate, and bid her not be afraid, but jump boldly. Her Attempt failed, and she slipped down under the Horse. The good Man in the utmost Concern dismounted to assist her. At that Instant a Gentleman passed by in a Post-Chaise. He heard a Woman complaining in a crying Voice, and sent his Servant a little Way back to enquire the Cause. Mr. *Dormer* said, This poor Girl cannot ride, and there is a Necessity for her being, before Morning, in a Village twelve Miles from hence. The Servant reported it to his

his Master, who said, Tell the Man I am going to *Aubridge*, and if any Part of that Road is their Way, she may come into my Chaise. The Farmer answered, with the utmost Satisfaction, We are going there, and the Gentleman will do a very good Action in carrying her. He was preparing to lead her to the Chaise; but she peremptorily refused to go, notwithstanding the earnest Persuasions both of the Man and her Friend. The Gentleman sent again, saying, If she is afraid of venturing herself with me, her Guide shall ride with her, and I will mount one of the Horses. This extraordinary Proof of Humanity failed also. Her unreasonable Fears defeated the benevolent Designs of a worthy Gentleman, and prolonged her own Sufferings. The Servant helped her up behind Mr. *Dormer*, who
rode

rode very gently some Miles with Success; but a little Stumble again threw the unexperienced *Marianne* from behind her Friend. She screamed out, saying, O, my Leg is broke! He dismounted, and found her unable to stand; for she was hurt indeed. He carried her to a Farm-House which was very near the Road: The People were well known to him; they opened the Door and took her in. She was laid on a Bed, where she lay some Hours in great Torment. This Misfortune almost distracted Mr. *Dor-*
mer, till the Farmer offered him a One-Horse Chaise to carry her to *Aubridge*. He gladly accepted of it, for they found her Leg not broken, but her Ankle very much hurt. They reached their Journey's End about Seven o'Clock. *Marianne* was carried into the House-Keeper's Room.

Room. She was a good-natured Woman, gave the poor Lady a Cordial, and sent for a Man, who pretended to understand Surgery. He said her Ankle was sprained, but not dislocated. Mr. *Ravenshaw* (the Gentleman of the House) met the Farmer at his first coming down Stairs. He expressed some Surprise at seeing him so early, but soon heard all the Particulars concerning the Lady. Compassion for her Distress, and a Desire to mitigate the Anguish of her Mind, drew him to the House-Keeper's Room. Mr. *Dormier* was taking Leave of *Marianne* in order to return home. She wept, and expressed her Gratitude in such Sincerity of Heart, and pathetic Terms, as moved the good Man greatly. He held her Hand, which he kissed and squeezed several Times while she was speaking.

She

She desired him to be kind to poor *Jenny*, and as he had no Objection to her Lover but his Poverty, which ought not to be considered as a Fault, she begged earnestly of him to wait with Patience a few Weeks, and indulge the young People, adding, If in that Time you find no Reason to change your Mind, look upon me as a Deceiver. I have more in my Power than you imagine. I believe every Word you say, the honest Man replied; and I will be good to my poor dear Girl; she shall see *Thomas* again; for, to be sure, they dote on one another. Mr. *Ravenshaw* saw, and heard them. He appeared, and put an End to the friendly Conference. The Farmer bowed, and *Marianne* blushed. The Landlord commended his Tenant, and promised to take Care of *Marianne*. The good Man was satisfied, and

and left them. The Gentleman, with a benign Countenance, assured her of Protection and Security from the Danger she apprehended. He advised her to take some Rest. The House-Keeper answered, A Bed is preparing for her, Sir. *Marianne* made an Attempt to rise, which hurt her Ankle excessively. Her Face grew red, and involuntary Tears filled her Eyes. Her Pain almost obstructed her Words. She was beginning Acknowledgments; but Mr. *Ravenshaw* left the Room abruptly, only saying, Repay the Obligation with your utmost Endeavours to regain your Peace of Mind, and I shall be the Debtor. His Heart was softened by her Affliction, her Youth, her Beauty, and the Meekness of her Countenance. In this tender Mood he went to his Lady, who was still

still in Bed, and had not heard one Word of *Marianne*. He told her from whence the Farmer brought her ; and, from the Fulness of his Heart, added, Pray, my Dear, rise, and see her before she goes to-bed ; she's the prettiest, sweet, innocent Creature I ever beheld. This Speech destroyed the Pity it was designed to excite. The Lady answered, with some Perturbation, I don't think any of Mr. *Gardiner's* pretty innocent Creatures worth rising to see. The Gentleman recollected himself ; he would have recalled his Words, and strove to palliate his Error. But Jealousy is quick in discerning ; his Design was discovered ; and the more he said, the more he found himself entangled. He left the Room, heartily vexed at his own Indiscretion. He had hurt his Lady in her only weak Part.

She was, in every other Respect, an irreproachable Woman. The Gentleman, who would have taken *Marianne* into his Chaise, was her Nephew. They met on the Stairs. The young Man was no Stranger to the Foible of his Aunt. Mr. *Ravenshaw* told him what had happened, and asked him to see the young Creature; but he answered, No, I won't; for her Distress will certainly affect me, and I shall be as unguarded as you. They concluded to speak no more about her; and, to remedy what was past, Mr. *Ravenshaw* said, he would go with his Nephew to the Assises, at the County-Town, where they would stay two or three Days. This he proposed at Breakfast, before his Lady, who could not hide her Chagrin, though she strove to do it, in the Sight of the young Gentleman. They accordingly

ingly set out, though not till Mr. *Raven-*
shaw had privately charged the House-
Keeper to take great Care of the poor
lame Girl, as he called her. But his
Caution was rendered vain, by the false-
judging, quick-sighted, self-tormenting
Passion of Jealousy; for his Lady had
lowered herself to the Level of a menial
Servant, by condescending to employ one
of them to watch her Husband, who, to
magnify her Service, said, her Master
was a great while whispering with the
House-Keeper. This was Confirmation
sufficient to determine the Lady to re-
move immediately the present Cause of
all her Uneasiness. The next Day, *Ma-*
rienne was asked where she chose to go,
by the very Servant who had watched her
Master, and who added, My Mistress
says, she cannot think of letting any of

Mr. *Gardiner's* Girls stay in her House ; she supposes a Quarrel has made you run away from him. The Cruelty of this Treatment shocked her. She paused a little, and then, in Simplicity of Heart, asked the Woman the Reason of this sudden Resolution in her Lady. The Creature, thinking herself dignified with the ignominious Name of a Spy, and honoured with the Confidence of her Mistress, answered, with an affected Sneer, I suppose you knows without axing ; my Mistress is a very modest Woman. *Marianne* burst into Tears. The House-Keeper was a Stranger to her Mistress's Temper ; she pitied and comforted the distressed Lady, saying, Don't be so uneasy about it ; some Lies have been told ; I'll go and tell my Mistress all that Farmer *Dorner* said ; perhaps my

my Master has not acquainted her with your Story. Her enraged Lady received this humane Woman with a Look that almost disconcerted her; yet she began with calling *Marianne*, Poor young Creature! Here she was stopt, and answered with contemptuous Insolence, Poor enough, I suppose, she is, now she has run from her Keeper; let her return to him, or go somewhere else; I will harbour no such poor young Creatures in my House: Go and order *Will* to get the Chaise ready; put her in, and let her be gone; but charge him to return To-Night. The Tone of Voice which accompanied these Words, left no room for Expostulation. The Chaise was ordered, *Marianne* desired that she might be carried to any Town where a Post-Chaise might be got; but added, It must be still far-

ther from Mr. *Gardiner's* than where I am, or I may yet be so unfortunate as to fall again into his Hands. If Mrs. *Ravenshaw* had heard and seen *Marianne*, nothing but Jealousy could have steeled her Heart to such a Degree of Cruelty. Even the Men, who carried her to the Chaise, (for she could not stand) were ready to curse their Lady. The House-keeper put two Guineas into her Hand, saying, if that was not sufficient to carry her to her Friends, she should have more. *Marianne* had forgot that Money was necessary. She had parted with all she had to her last Guinea, amongst the Farmer's Children. She took the Gold, and pulling her only Ring off her Finger, insisted upon the Woman's taking it. She refused the Security, saying, If I am deceived in you, Miss, the Loss of two Guineas

Guineas will be the least Part of my Concern. Her Generosity, and the Confidence she put in *Marianne*, moved her greatly. She asked her Name, and was answered, *Alicia Woodpin*. Just as the Chaise drove away, she put a small Parcel into it, saying, There is a Bit of Cake, a Cordial, and some Drops; for alas, poor Lady! I am afraid you will faint with the double Pain of Mind and Body. After this, giving the Boy a particular Charge to be careful, they parted. *Marianne's* Mind was filled with Gratitude, the House-Keeper's with Anxiety and Fear. The Chaise was an open one, drawn by a single Horse, and guided by a Boy who did not know the Way to a Town about ten Miles distant, where the Men Servants said, there were always Post-Chaises and other *London* Carriages.

Marianne's great Concern had, in some Measure, suspended the Feeling of Pain; but now the Motion caused her sometimes to cry out, her Ankle-Bone was dislocated, notwithstanding the unskilful Pretender to Surgery had pronounced otherwise. They travelled about eight Miles in the right Road; but then the Boy, mistaking the Direction given him, turned to the Left instead of the Right Hand. Excess of Pain had deprived *Marianne* of the necessary Attention; her Drops and Cordial were both requisite, and often applied to prevent fainting. In this Condition they stopt on a Common after four Miles driving in a direct wrong Road. The Boy said there were so many Ways over it, that he was at a Loss which to take; but he saw a Gentleman coming towards them in a Chaise, for whom he

in-

intended to wait. They stood still, till the Gentleman met them, who immediately, upon seeing *Marianne's* Distress, asked several Questions. She answered some of them; the Boy satisfied him in others; he paused a little, and then said, You seem, Madam, not able to perform the Journey; it is six Miles to your destined Place of Rest, four of which are directly back. You have no Covering, and it begins to rain: If you will venture to come into my Chaise, I will take you to a Lady, whose House is contiguous, and an Asylum for the Distressed. *Marianne* looked at him as he spoke. Compassion and Candour were visible in his Countenance. She thanked him, and accepted of the Kindness offered her. The Boy was glad to return. He assisted the Gentleman

to move *Marianne*. She fainted in their Arms, and in that Condition the Boy left her. The Drops were in her Hand; the proper Use of them recovered her. It was not till they were within Sight of the Lady's House, that she had Sense and Recollection enough, to express her Satisfaction at being once again relieved from Distress, by the Interposition of compassionate Humanity. The Gentleman interrupted her with saying, What I have, or can do for you, is no more than Distress commands from every Christian; but the Lady, into whose House I shall introduce you, sets no Bounds to her Charity: To accept is to recompense, and nothing gives her more Pain than a continual Repetition of Thanks. There was little more said till they arrived at a beautiful small House, delightfully

lightly situated. The Gentleman, whom *Marianne* had not before observed to be a Clergyman, was met at the Door by the Lady, who, on seeing *Marianne*, asked no Questions, but immediately ordered her to be laid on a Bed, and every Comfort administered, that Benevolence could bestow, or Nature receive. A Surgeon was sent for, who reduced her Ankle-Bone. He found her feverish, and apprehended Danger; but timely Assistance prevented any bad Consequence. The Lady always had Doctor *James's* Powders by her for the Relief of the Poor. They were administered with Success. *Marianne* observed the Clergyman's Advice, and forbore a Repetition of Acknowledgments. She was very soon able to give the Lady an Account of her Misfortunes, which she

did

did very minutely. Mrs. *Graves* (the Lady) sighed deeply, while the Disappointment in Love was repeating. Mrs. *Dubois* she pitied and admired, and asked *Marianne*, if she thought an Invitation to her House would be complied with by that Lady. *Marianne* wished to see her there, and, at Mrs. *Graves*' Request, wrote both to Sir *William Gardiner* and Mr. *Lee*. The Letters were sent, and, while the Ladies wait for an Answer, we will return to Mrs. *Dubois*, who did not pursue her Journey, when *Marianne* was forced from her. She returned to Sir *William's*, greatly vexed and disappointed. She wrote to Mr. *Lee*, desiring him, by some Means, to find what her Uncle had done with her; for she made no Doubt but he was the Person who employed the Ravishers. This prevented

prevented the Anxiety she would otherwise have felt upon the young Lady's Account. She did not propose going to Mr. *Wright's* till she heard from him. Sir *William* and the Ladies were pleased with her Company, and desired her to continue with them. She consented; but, Mr. *Lee's* Answer giving her no Satisfaction, she determined, after waiting about a Month, to leave them and go to *London*. The Day before her intended Journey, she walked out alone, to leave her charitable Alms with two or three poor Families, which she had found out in the Neighbourhood; and, coming to one *John Morris's*, who had been a Farmer, but was reduced by Losses and Blindness to great Poverty, she sat down to rest herself. Soon after, a Post-Chaise with four Horses stopt before

before the House. A Gentleman got out of it, leaving a young Lady in it. He came directly into the poor People's Habitation. He sat down, and asked for a Draught of Water. Goody *Morris* took her best Mug, saying, she supposed he would chuse Spring-Water. She brought it to him. His Face was extremely red, and he appeared to be not only hot, but greatly agitated. He pushed his Wig backwards to the Middle of his Head, and began to wipe the Sweat off his Forehead. Mrs. *Dubois* was opening her Mouth to ask him if he was not well, when the Mug of Water fell from the poor Woman's Hand on the Floor, and she at the same Time cried out, O my *Tommy*, my *Tommy*! it is my dear Boy *Tommy*! He rose that Moment, and caught her in his Arms, kissing

kissing her poor shrivelled Face with eager Affection, and saying, I am that ungrateful Son, who, in the Midst of Plenty, forgot my poor fond Parents. She said no more, but, disengaging herself from his Embraces, ran to the Back-Door, calling with eager Vehemence, *John, John*, come in; here's our *Tommy* come again! The old Man, guided by the Garden-Hedge, soon met his Son at the Door. He held out his Hand, crying, Where, where, is my Boy? then, clasping him in his Arms, said, Now I am blind indeed: I never wanted my Eyes before! The Son seated him, and began to ask Pardon with a Blessing: But the old Man said, Are you my Son *Thomas*? I do not know your Voice: Let me feel your Head. He did so, saying, There is the indented Part
of

of his Skull, where the Horse kicked him. This certainly convinced the old Man, and he began to be extravagant in his Joy. Mrs. *Dubois* saw the young Lady was forgotten, and likely to be so. She therefore went to the Chaise, and invited her to come into the House. She readily complied ; but Mrs. *Dubois* left them, without returning to the old Folks. She knew it was Dinner-Time at Sir *William's*. They were just sitting down when she came into the House, having waited some Time for her. Lady *Gardiner* was beginning to make an Apology ; but Mrs. *Dubois* stopt her, saying, No Ceremony, good Madam ; I have been Witness to a Scene of Joy worth a thousand Dinners ! The Rapture with which she spoke these Words suspended the Thoughts of eating, while she repeated

peated every thing she had seen. It was immediately determined to send Part of their Dinner to the Travellers, with an Invitation to the young Lady to come to them, if her Father approved of it. The Servants and Horses were sent for too. The Butler was ordered to send Wine, Ale, Knives, and every thing appertaining to a Dinner. This done, they sat down full of Wonder. Sir *William* said he had never heard of this Son, nor did he know much of the old People; for they had been Tenants to Mr. *Hardman*, till after losing most of their Cattle, he cruelly seized on the rest, and turned them out of a Farm which they had occupied thirty Years. The Servants who were sent to old *Morris's*, returned in little more than an Hour, but the young Lady was not with them. Sir *William* called

called one of them, who was an old Gardener, into the Parlour, and asked why the young Lady did not come. He answered, Because, Sir, I think they are all mad but her, and she would hardly answer us. I hope you did not laugh at them, the old Lady said. Laugh! the Man replied, no, Madam, I was nearer crying; and yet I was not sorry neither. The old Man was formerly a fine Singer, so he is singing-mad. The old Woman, I suppose, may have been a fine Dancer, for she is dancing-mad. The Son seems melancholy-mad, for he never spoke a Word. We delivered your Message, and set the Things down, but no-body took Notice of them. I poured out a Glass of Wine, and offered it the Son. He shook his Head; I believe he would have spoke, but then he must have cried,

for

for he was quite full. I offered it to Goody *Morris*, who was sitting on one Side of her Son ; but, instead of taking it, she rose up and began to dance about the Floor, crying, This is my Son, look at him, look at him ; it is my *Tommy*. I asked the Father if he would drink ; but he held his Son's Hand fast, and continued singing, I've got him again. When I asked the young Lady, if she would please to come in the Chaise, she looked at her Father, but made no Answer, because I suppose she did not know his Mind. So, after waiting a good while, we came away, and brought the three Men and the Horses with us. I suppose they are hungry enough, for I understand they have travelled hard. The Gardener had finished his Description, and was leaving the Room ; but he turned back to say,

say, I think Mr. *Morris's* Daughter is like Miss *Sophy*, for she is very pretty. They all smiled, and Sir *William* said, *Richard* thinks all pretty Women are like one another. This Adventure furnished Discourse for the Afternoon; but in the Evening it was thought proper to visit the good People, and offer the Strangers a Lodging, for there was no Inn near them. They were all desirous to go but old Lady *Gardiner*, who never went abroad. A Scene, not unlike what the Gardener had described, was exhibited to them, only young Mr. *Morris* and his Daughter behaved with more Sensibility. It was a long Time before the old People could be persuaded to part with their Son. They seemed not to understand that Rest or Sleep was necessary for him, as they felt no Want of either themselves. However,

However, at last he left them to the Care of a Sister, who came by Accident to see her Father and Mother. Sir *William* soon discovered him to be a sensible Man ; and the Ladies in a few Hours grew fond of Miss *Morris*, as they called her. They all thought the Gardener's Judgement not very erroneous ; for there certainly was a Resemblance between the Ladies. After Supper, Sir *William* asked Mr. *Morris*, how long he had been abroad : He answered, full five and twenty Years. The old Lady asked some other Questions, which drew on a Detail of his past and present Circumstances. He began the Account with saying, When I was fifteen Years old, a Gentleman from the *East-Indies* came into this Country. He took Notice of me at School, where he came to see for a Boy to go abroad with

with him. My Father had indulged me in Learning till that Age at my Master's Request, who always distinguished me for my Facility in Learning, and then said, if I went abroad a few Years, he was sure I should return a great Man.

These Words I never forgot. The Love of Money became my ruling Passion. I teased my Father hourly to let me go, and at last grew desperate, protesting, that I would never work at any Business if compelled to stay at home. My Importunity prevailed with him; but my poor Mother never consented. Her Grief was immoderate. I endeavoured to calm her with Promises of often writing, and returning in a few Years; but Duty and filial Love were swallowed up in the stronger Desire of growing rich. This Passion, however, strong as it was, yielded

yielded for some Time to one more powerful. My Master had a Daughter just of my Age. Her Beauty was transcendent, but her Mind was immaculate. I durst not declare my Love, though her Affability and Condescension almost invited me to it, till an Accident proved from her Words, and my Actions, that our Love was reciprocal. I saved her Life at the manifest Hazard of my own. I tore her from the Jaws of a wild Beast, and suffered myself to become his Prey ; he had almost deprived me of Life, when an Arrow put an End to his. I was insensible ; but a Voice, soft as an Angel's, was the first Sound that I heard. It pronounced my Name, and her Father gave her to me. Sixteen Years I was undeservedly happy, because I forgot my fond Parents. My Love descended to
my

my Offspring. My amiable Wife died. I was almost inconsolable; but a lovely Daughter, fourteen Years old, stifled her own Sorrow to sooth mine. I had a Boy turned of fifteen, of uncommon Sagacity. To him I left the Care of my Business. From a State of lethargic Grief, I was raised by a Physician, who assured me, that my Daughter had, by concealing her Sorrow, hurt herself. She had indeed, for in three Months she died of a Consumption. My Son was then my only Care. I was informed, that he had conceived a Passion for the Daughter of a neighbouring Gentleman. Here Mr. *Morris* stopt; for, looking at the young Lady, he saw her Tears begin to flow. Lady *Gardiner* saw it too, and bid her own Daughter take the Lady into the Garden, or up Stairs, if she

she chose it. Miss *Gardiner* obeyed immediately. They left the Room, and Mr. *Morris* resumed his Story. That dear Creature, who has now left us, was the Person. Her Father was a worthy Man, moderately rich, but in a Way of Business that promised a great Increase of Fortune. He was a Widower, and she his only Child. I first consulted my Son, and then waited on him. I found him in a deep Decline of Nature. He received my Proposal with an Excess of Joy, saying, Now I can die in Peace, my darling Child, my only earthly Care, will be in the Hands of those, who, in this Place, are alone worthy to receive her. Mr. *Diner* (for that was the Gentleman's Name) saw them married, and after telling us that an Account of himself and Fortune would be found in his Cabinet,

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died. My Son's conjugal Affection, (great as it was) with Difficulty overcame his Bride's filial Sorrow. The Cabinet was forgotten, till a Villain broke it open, and with other less valuable Treasure, deprived us of the promised Discovery, which it contained; for something mysterious attended Mr. *Diner's* last Words, which are yet unexplained, and will in all Probability for ever remain buried in Oblivion. But my Heart grows full; I must hasten to a Period. My Son, a Son so justly valued, whose Perfections were as great as human Nature is capable of attaining, in the Height of Bliss and Vigour of Youth, was accidentally drowned, and, to bar the last Avenue of Hope, his distracted Wife lost the precious Fruit of their once-happy Union. I dare not give Scope to Recollection. I endeavour-

to

to forget the Condition we were both in, when an orthodox Divine; who arrived from *England*, and found us miserable, enquired of me how long I had been in the *Indies*, and whether my Parents, if living, were not, on my Account, filled with a long and painful Sufferance, which, by its Continuance, overbalanced the Violence of a certain and recent Affliction, especially as this last when at the Height would naturally subside. These Words had more Effect on me than all his Christian Doctrine. I immediately resolved to consider my Losses as a Judgement, and to deprecate the Vengeance of Heaven, by returning to *England*, in Search of those tender Parents, of whose Grief at parting with me I had now a sensible and lively Idea, by comparing it with my own. I settled my

Affairs with all Speed, and found my Riches immense; but they gave me no Joy: Those, for whom I had gathered them, my Son and my Daughter, were no more. A small Part would be sufficient for my Family. I built lasting Monuments over the Remains of all that had been dear to me, and, with my afflicted Daughter, left the Country. She would not stay behind me, nor could I have borne the Thought of leaving her among Strangers; for she had no Relations there, and Mr. *Diner* had contracted no Friendships. After making my own Family happy, I must be indefatigable in my Search after her's. Here the elder Lady *Gardiner* began to ask him some Questions about the Person of Mr. *Diner*. Mr. *Morris* said, His Complexion was dark, pitted with Small-Pox. She answered,

fwered, saying, I had a Son, who in Dis-
 gust left the Nation above twenty Years
 ago ; but his Face was fair and smooth, it
 could not be him. No more was said ;
 the young Ladies were sent for ; and Sir
William, to divert Mr. *Morris*, proposed
 smoking a Pipe, saying, The Women
 of my Family indulge me in the Use of
 Tobacco without leaving the Room : Can
 Mrs. *Morris* bear it ? Both Father and
 Daughter answered in the Affirmative ;
 and the former, producing a large Silver
 Tobacco Box, gave it to Sir *William*,
 saying, There is, Sir, some of the best
 Tobacco in *Europe*. Sir *William* filled
 his Pipe, and began to smoke, surveying
 the Box very attentively. Lady *Gardiner*
 said, My Dear, you forget that Mr.
Morris wants the Box. I had indeed, he
 replied ; for I was examining the Arms

that are engraved on it; I can discover Part of my own, but Time has defaced them. It was Mr. *Diner's* Box, Mr. *Morris* said, at the same Time offering to take it from Sir *William*; but old Lady *Gardiner*, who sat near her Son, prevented him, by eagerly snatching it out of his Hand. She opened it, and poured the Tobacco out, to examine the Inside. The Perturbation of her Mind caused her Hands to tremble excessively; Anxiety appeared in every Face; but a few Moments altered their Countenances, for Mrs. *Morris*, who presaged Happiness to herself from what she saw, said, I have heard my dear Father say, that his Mother gave it him full of Gold, the last Time he received a Blessing from her. This cleared all Doubt. The old Lady cried out, She is, she is, my dear lost

Ben's

Ben's Daughter. *Mrs. Morris* fell immediately at her Grandmother's Feet, embracing her Knees, while she received the unfeigned and ardent Blessings of the good and joyful Lady. The whole Company, were interested in the Discovery, Pleasure dilated every Heart. Their Joy was great, but it was rational. *Mr. Morris* congratulated them all, saying, This propitious Day has given me all my Desires. My Father and Mother are in Health, and my dear Child is restored to her Friends. Before they retired to Rest many corroborating Proofs were produced. *Mr. Diner* had the Small-Pox in the *Indies*. The young Lady had heard him say, that his Father had, as a Punishment for some youthful Follies, left him, at his Death, only one hundred Pounds, with which, and the Box full of

Gold, he quitted *England*; after making a solemn Vow never to return till he could bring twenty thousand Pounds with him. She likewise shewed them a Pocket-Book, in which he had wrote *Benjamin Gardiner* in several Places, though he had only taken the two last Syllables for his *Indian* Name. Sir *William* addressed Mrs. *Dubois*, saying, Our present Joy is the happy Effect of your Benevolence; may it always be thus rewarded: For, if Charity had not led you to visit the Unfortunate, we had only heard that *John Morris* had a rich Son come home to relieve his distressed Family; my charming Niece would have continued in a vain Pursuit; and my much-honoured and worthy Mother must have ended her Days, without the Satisfaction she now enjoys. I hope the agreeable Miss *Middleton* will return

to

to you, and, by her Gratitude, render a full Compensation for the Anxiety her Loss has occasioned you. Mrs. *Dubois* thanked him, adding, My Patience is almost exhausted; I must go to *London* myself; perhaps I may be more fortunate in my Search than Mr. *Lee* has hitherto been. The next Day Mr. *Morris* told Sir *William*, that his Brother's Fortune, after the Loss of his Cabinet, was about six thousand Pounds, for which the young Lady had no Settlement; her Father required none; adding, at the same Time, My Intention was to give her twenty thousand at the Age of One and Twenty, to make her independent; but now I shall immediately put it into your Hands, as a proper Guardian; and after that provide for all my own Family, which I find is numerous

and in low Circumstances. Mrs. *Dubois* postponed her Intention of leaving Sir *William* that Day, at the Request of the whole Family, who desired her to participate in the general Joy, of which she had been the chief Instrument. She acquiesced, and by that Means was there when Miss *Middleton*'s Letter came to Sir *William*. That Lady gave no Intimation of the Actors or Cause of her Separation from Mrs. *Dubois*. She only said that she had fallen into the Hands of an human Angel, who lived in an earthly Paradise, where she was desired to invite her Friend to partake of the reigning Felicity. This was an Addition to the present Happiness at Sir *William*'s. Mrs. *Dubois* left them with a Promise to return, and bring Miss *Middleton* with her. We must follow her, and leave Sir *Wil-*

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liam and Mr. *Morris* settling Affairs. Miss *Middleton* was still very lame, and confined to her Room; but the Lady of the House received Mrs. *Dubois* with an ineffable Sweetness of Countenance. She conducted her to her Friend's Apartment, and was a Witness to their joyful Meeting.

The next Day, when each had repeated the Accidents which had happened since their parting, Mrs. *Dubois* had Time to observe the Beauties of the Place, and of the fair Inhabitant. Every thing was neat and elegant. The Lady appeared grave, but placid and affable. There was something in her Face that attracted Mrs. *Dubois's* Notice. She sometimes thought her an old Acquaintance, but could not recollect where she had seen her. This made her often guilty of Ill-Manners.

ners. She could not forbear gazing attentively on a Face where something unaccountably gained her Affection. While she was studying the Reason of it, Mrs. *Graves* burst into Tears, saying, Is it possible that Grief has so thoroughly altered me, that a Sister can find no Traces of what I formerly was? These Words were no sooner spoken, than Mrs. *Dubois* rose up to embrace her. They both rejoiced, and both wept. Abundance of Questions were asked, and answered; but the only Thing material is, what the Countess said concerning herself. You remember, my dear Sister, how my Parents, after approving of the Disposal of my Heart to Mr. *Stanley*, tore me from him, to sacrifice me to their Ambition; but this they could not effect till I was made to believe him a Coward, and, in other

other Respects, unworthy of my Love. My Lord's Affection soon cooled. My external Charms grew familiar, and ceased to attract. As a Companion, I was unamiable. My Peace of Mind was gone ; and the innate Simplicity of my Soul had not learned the Art of Dissembling. His Heart was set upon an Heir. I was three Years married, and gave him no Hopes of being gratified. He often visited a Woman, by whom he had three Children. He had, before his Marriage, made a handsome Settlement on them, and promised my Parents never to see her more. He might intend it ; but she had Intelligence of his Indifference towards me, and laid her Bait again to ensnare him. My Woman gave me Notice of it ; but I forbore Upbraidings. I never so much as intimated my Knowledge

ledge of it ; yet he pretended to suspect her of acting unfairly by him, and, without accusing her of any particular Thing, (and thereby giving me an Opportunity of defending her) turned her out of the House. I had a Stranger came to me, recommended for a good Servant. That satisfied me. I wanted no Confidant nor Companion. She was extremely assiduous ; sometimes too much so. When she had been with me about Half a Year, she one Day gave me a Letter. I took it, supposing it to be a Petition ; for I had ordered all that came to be received, and according to their Merit answered them, without a Recommendation from an Acquaintance or Person of Quality, which my Lord said was proper. I laid it on my Toilette. He came into my Dressing-Room, and seeing it lie unopened,

ed, asked who it came from. I said, *Jackson* had just given it me, but I had not enquired where she had it. He took it up, saying, It is directed by a good Hand. I bid him open it. He threw it down, and said, I suppose you want to draw me into a Contribution ; I have no Money to spare for such Uses. He left the Room. I opened the Letter ; but how great was my Surprise when I found it came from Mr. *Stanley*, who had been three Years abroad, and was just then returned ! He begged in the most earnest and submissive Terms to see me only for five Minutes ; his future Happiness, he said, depended on it. My Heart was strangely fluttered. I could not comprehend his Meaning. I had no Friend to whom I could intrust a Secret of this Consequence ; so determined to say nothing

thing about it. When I saw *Jackson*, she looked full of important Expectation; but I took no Notice of it. A few Days after I found another on my Toilette. I then asked her from whom she had those Letters. She said, a Footman gave them to her, desiring her to give them into my own Hand. I charged her to take no more from him; yet she brought me several, directed by different Hands, and, as she said, given to her by poor Folks. I was extremely uneasy, and at a Loss what to do; but, as he declared that he would never desist writing, till he was assured by my own Hand that his Letters were received, and that the cruel Refusal came from myself, to put a Stop to his unaccountable Behaviour, I wrote a few Lines, which only contained a positive Denial, and

and a harsh Reprimand ; for I was really angry at him for endeavouring to draw me into a Thing, which, though innocent in itself, might be attended with fatal Consequences. I expected nothing farther. His Letters, and the Copy of my Answer, I locked up in my Cabinet, intending to shew them to my Father, to whom I wrote a short Account of it. About a Week passed, and I began to be tolerably easy, when, one Night, about Ten o'Clock, *Jackson* came abruptly into my Dressing-Room, when I was alone, followed by Mr. *Stanly*. I was surprised, and frightened very much to see him there. He stood as if he expected me to speak, which, after a short Silence, I did, with a faltering Voice. The Words I have forgot ; but I certainly accused him of Imprudence, and

Want

Want of Respect ; for he pulled a Letter out of his Pocket, saying, Did not you send for me ? I came with Reluctance ; but could not withstand your pressing Demand to see me. Is not this your Hand-Writing ? He held it open ; I did not read a Word of it ; but seeing a long Letter, I cried out, Oh, Sir, there is Treachery practised towards us both. I received several Letters signed with your Name, pressing me to grant you a few Minutes Audience. I refused ; but when you declared, that nothing but a Denial from me in Writing should make you desist, I wrote about three Lines, in which I gave the Denial in the strongest Terms. I gave the Letter to my Woman, who brought me your's. For Heaven's Sake, be gone ! I am terrified to see you here. He threw the Letter
down,

down, saying, I will, Madam; we have both been deceived. May the intended Mischief be averted by Providence!

He was turning towards the Door, when it opened, and that wicked Wretch, *Jackson*, came running into the Room, saying, O Lord! Madam, what shall we do? My Lord is on the Stairs, coming up: Pray, Sir, step into this Room, at the same Time opening the Bed-Chamber Door. There was no Time to consider what was proper to be done. He went in. She locked the Door, and put the Key in her Pocket. I was in the utmost Confusion. His Lordship took no Notice of it, but complained that his Head ached. I said something, which I do not recollect, by Way of Advice, which he seemed not to approve; but, to my great Astonishment, said,

said, I will lie down a little. He rose that Moment, and went to the Bed-Chamber Door. I did not know that it was locked. He asked why it was so, and who did it. I said, *Jackson*, I supposed. He rang the Bell for her. I hoped, and with good Reason, that she had conveyed Mr. *Stanley* out of the Room; for there was a Door on the Stair-Case, and she had Time enough to have done it. She came, and, when he demanded the Key, looked at me in seeming Confusion. He asked again for it, and pretended to be angry at her. She made no Answer, but, looking still at me, stood motionless. He turned to me, and, with a furious Countenance, asked if he was to be made the Laughing-Stock of Women. The Letter, which Mr. *Stanly* had thrown down, lay
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at my Feet. I had forgot it. He saw it, and, taking it up, saw my Name at the Bottom, and Mr. Stanly's on the Direction. He swore horridly, that he was deceived by an ignorant Wh—, who was a Fool in every thing but Wick- edness. The Bed-Chamber Door was broke open, and the innocent Mr. Stanly was called upon to defend him- self; but he had no Sword. The Foot- men were called up to witness his be- ing in my Bed-Chamber, and to kick him out of the House. I remember little that happened, till an insolent Fel- low, commissioned by his Lord, came to tell me, that a Coach waited at the Door for me. I asked where I must go. Where you please, Madam, he replied; for you are unworthy to stay in this House. I called for Jackson to explain the
the

the Mystery to his Lordship ; but she was not to be found. I made no Resistance, but suffered the impudent Wretch to assist me in going down Stairs. He did it in the rudest Manner, hurrying me to the Coach almost, by Force ; in the Hall I saw my own Footman, and would have spoken to him, but had not Time allowed me to utter a single Word. I refused to tell the Coachman where I would be set down : There was some Consultation in the House about it. The Consternation I was in prevented my observing who gave him Orders ; but he drove me to the House of a Woman, who was a Widow, and had formerly lived in the Family. It was her Interest to receive me. The next Day I wrote to my Father and to his Lordship. To the latter I protested my Innocence ;

Innocence; and, as a Proof, appealed to the Letters in my Bureau, which were a direct Contradiction to that which he found on the Floor. Besides, the Hand-Writing, I hoped, would clear me; but my Fate was determined. His Lordship published my Infidelity, as he called it; refused to see my Father or Mr. *Stanly*, and sent me a Writing to sign, by which I accepted of Five Hundred a Year, and relinquished all Claim to him or his Fortune. To be thus cast down from my elevated Station, to lose at once the Joys of Grandeur, and the Adulation which Servility pays to a Title and Riches, affected me little; but the cruel Aspersions thrown on my Character, to be for ever doomed to Infamy, was a Thought which distracted me; yet Mr. *Stanly* knew my Innocence,

cence, and my Father believed it all a Contrivance. They both published it; and, before I left *London*, his Lordship took his Mistress and her Children home. *Jackson*, who, I was told, had been turned out of Doors on my Account, proves now to be her Sister, and lives with them at this Time. I sold my Jewels and other superfluous Things, and built this House. At first my Peace was broke by Reflection. I found it difficult to forgive my Father, when I compared my present State with what it might have been, if I had married Mr. *Stanly*, for whom I still retain a sincere Affection; but Time has obliterated every Thought of Happiness, but what results from a quiet, peaceable, and obscure Life. My Annuity enables me to relieve Distress. I have raised many
ruined

ruined Families, and prevented others from falling into Ruin. It is not known here who I am; but passing for a Widow has given me some Trouble from the neighbouring Gentlemen, though a steady Denial has put an End to that. The Meeting with my dear Sister, and hearing before, that her Sentiments were exactly my own, has given me unexpected Joy. I feel a new Kind of Satisfaction, and shall for the future, I am persuaded, add Pleasure to Ease. Her Chearfulness will enliven me; for I hope she will consent to pass the largest Portion of her Time with me. Here the Countess ceased. Mrs. *Dubois* had listened attentively to the Recital. To find her Sister unexpectedly, and then to be convinced of her Innocence, gave her an Excess of Joy. She immediately altered

her Design of going to live at Mr. *Wright's*, and resolved to fix her Residence with the Countess, only allowing a few Weeks every Year to gratify those worthy People, to whom she had promised an immediate Return. The Beauties of her Sister's House, and the Environs of it, employed Mrs. *Dubois* for several Days. Miss *Middleton* was quite recovered, and began to partake in their delightful Walks, when one Day, as they were returning home, they saw a Post-Chaise at the Door, and a Gentleman going out of it into the House. Mrs. *Dubois* said, If my Friend Mr. *Lee's* Son had any Business here, I should say, that is he; but it cannot be. Just then the Servant, who had quitted his Horse, turned his Face towards them, and bowed. Mrs. *Graves*, who observed the Bow to be directed to her Sister, answered,

fwered, I believe the Gentleman is a Vi-
 fitor to you ; for his Servant knows you.
 By this Time they had reached the Houfe,
 and Mrs. *Dubois* had difcovered the Man
 to be indeed Mr. *Lee's* Servant. She ran
 into the Houfe, and was beginning to
 exprefs her Joy and Surprise at feeing
 the young Gentleman in a Place where
 he could not be expected, but was inter-
 rupted by him ; for, without Ceremony,
 or any Return of Civility, he faid, Pray,
 Madam, tell me, is Mifs *Middleton* here ?
 She felt herfelf hurt, and affronted by his
 Neglect, which caufed a Silence of fome
 Moments ; till he refumed his Interroga-
 tion, and added, Dear Madam, do not
 keep me in Suspence ; I cannot bear it.
 Before ſhe could reſolve to ſatisfy him, the
 Ladies entered the Room. Mifs *Middleton*
 made a Stop at the Door when ſhe ſaw
 K 2 them.

them. Mr. L^{ar} ran to her, and clasping her in his Arms, cried, She is, she is, it is my *Marianne*! No cross Accident shall ever part us more! He would have continued repeating his Raptures, if she had not struggled to free herself with some Violence, and with faltering Voice, saying, What can you mean? are you not married? let me go. No, no, he replied, I am not married; nor can I let you go, till the Mystery is cleared, which has so long involved me in the Gulf of Misery; and if I may believe what I have heard, my lovely Charmer has participated in the Sorrow of Disappointment. Mrs. G^{ra} being the least interested in this Discovery, had Presence of Mind sufficient to desire them all to sit down, and allow themselves Time to enjoy the Ecclaircissement of this Event; for, she added,

ded, I perceive it tends to the Satisfaction of us all. They did so, and Miss *Middleton's* Countenance began to show the Feelings of her Heart. She smiled on Mr. *Lee*; yet some Doubt still remained. Her Joy was too great to be permanent. She feared it was all a Delusion, and expressing her Anxiety, Mr. *Lee*, at once to put an End to all Apprehension, desired Leave of Mrs. *Graves* and Mrs. *Dubois* to relate the Cause and Consequence of their unhappy Separation. The Ladies in granting his Request gratified their own Desires; and he began with saying, I find my adorable Miss *Middleton* has been led into a Deception to my Advantage, as to Fortune, without any Design or Knowledge of mine. My Soul disdains an Attempt so mean and vile. A Gentleman of my Name in *Cheshire* ap-

plied to me, on his intended Marriage, to superintend the Drawing of proper Articles. This brought on some Acquaintance. One Evening he asked me to accompany him to *Vaux-Hall*, where he expected to see his Lady. I did so. He was disappointed, but I was made happy; for his Meeting with a Merchant of his Acquaintance introduced me into the Company of my amiable Charmer. He was impatient to leave the Place. I begged his Excuse for staying behind him, but declared, That nothing but one Person in the Company, into which he had introduced me, could have forced me to commit so rude an Action. He smiled, saying, I see plainly what you mean; I am a Lover, and can excuse you: The Object appears worthy. Soon after, the Merchant, his Acquaintance, left us;

or the Mistake could not have happened. I was saluted by the Name of *Lee* several Times in the Gardens; and a previous Notice, that one of us was Mr. *Lee* of *Cheeshire*, caused the Mistake, which I did not discover, till my Father received a Letter from this Place. He had several Times proposed my seeing *Marianne*, while she was in his House with Mrs. *Dubois*; but my Soul was torn with Anguish and Anger. I had vowed to shun the capricious Sex, and never more to enquire after the fickle Fair, who had so unaccountably forsaken me to throw herself away upon such a Clown as the ignorant young Fellow. My Father was a Stranger to my Love. He saw me wretched, and with great Tenderness enquired into the Cause; but I evaded giving him a satisfactory Answer, and

confined myself in my Chambers to avoid Importunity. Two Days ago he called on me, and told me, That Mrs. *Dubois* was gone to Miss *Middleton*, who had wrote to desire her Company. I interrupted him hastily, saying, What Miss *Middleton*? He seemed surpris'd at my Question, and repeating my Words, said, What Miss *Middleton*! Why, what Miss *Middleton* do you think it is, but the young Lady who ran away from her Uncle, and was at my House with Mrs. *Dubois*? You have often heard us talk of her. I had indeed heard them talk of the young Lady; but they had never named her; for the Word *Middleton* would have roused me out of the Stupor in which I was quite absorbed. My Father saw my Joy and Surprise, without knowing the Cause.

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I believe my Questions were a little incoherent; for he desired me to explain myself, saying, I cannot imagine what Interest you have in that Lady; she was, indeed, very much biassed in Favour of one Mr. Leigh, a *Cheshire* Gentleman, who is married; but I hope she is got over it, for he certainly used her very ill. After this I owned my Love, and was made happy by his relating the Cause and Manner of her Flight, with the Treachery of her Servant with whom I trusted my Letters. I have not at present so ample a Fortune as the Gentleman she believed me to be is now in Possession of; but at the Death of my Aunt, who lives within twenty Miles of this Place, I must inherit a fine Estate. I would not, however, owe one Grain of my *Marianne's* Affection to Fortune; my Love was

fixt before I knew who she was. The Addition of Millions could never enhance it. Miss *Middleton* declared solemnly, that she was better pleased to find him the Son of the worthy Mr. *Lee*, than Heir to the richest Man of his Name in the Kingdom. He again named his Aunt, calling her *Ravenshaw*. The Ladies stared at one another. Mr. *Lee* saw that something surpris'd them, and asked if they had any Knowledge of that Lady. Miss *Middleton* wished to conceal her Cruelty from him; but Mrs. *Dubois*, whose Benevolence was hurt by the uncharitable Usage of her Friend, began to repeat the Particulars of the Farmer's bringing her to Mr. *Ravenshaw*. She was interrupted by Mr. *Lee*, who cried out, How perverse and cross has been our Fate ! I refused to see, or even
to

to hear of her at my Father's, whose Loss had deprived me of all human Enjoyments ; and she prolonged my Misery, and suffered Pain and Disappointment herself, by not complying with my reiterated Request of accepting a Place in my Post-Chaise ; for it was I, my adorable Charmer, that saw your Distress in the Road, and pitied you. I refused to see you at Mr. *Ravenshaw's* Request. My Heart was too tender to bear the Sight of Misery without participating in it ; and I had, at that Time, a fixt Resolution to pursue Pleasure only, and bury in Oblivion all Reflection. My first Attempt (and, indeed, my only one, for I found it was in vain) was a Journey to my Aunt's House. Mr. *Ravenshaw* acquainted me with his unguarded and sudden Praise of my *Marianne*, which determined

terminated our Journey. I did not return to my Aunt ; Business called me to *London* in a fortunate Moment, or I might still have mourned for a Loss which I believed to be irreparable. Mr. *Lee*, by this Relation, cleared all Doubts. Every Heart was at Ease, and every Soul satisfied. They concluded to pass a few Weeks together in the Enjoyment of their unexpected Felicity, which was full, and had suffered no Diminution by the Pleasure of Anticipation. But these Weeks were in the Interval of Law Business ; for it was determined, that Miss *Middleton* should petition the Lord Chancellor, to grant the Guardianship of herself and Fortune to Mr. *Lee*, the Father, in whose Power it would then be to make the Lovers happy.

The

The Rev. Mr. *Whitehead*, who had conveyed Miss *Middleton* to Mrs. *Graves's* House, came often to visit that Lady, being commissioned by her to enquire who in their Neighbourhood were proper Objects of Charity. He was a good Man, and executed the Trust with Prudence and Impartiality. It was not the noisy Beggar that moved his Compassion. He penetrated into the Heart when the Tongue faltered, and modest Diffidence with-held Expression. He seldom failed in the Criterion by which he judged. He was a sensible, chearful Man; and his pleasant Manner of recounting trifling Incidents often made them become the Cause of Mirth, and sometimes the Source of future Felicity; for Mrs. *Graves* caught the most distant Hint of Distress, and upon Enquiry had, more than once, explored

explored the latent Misery of those who suffered Want without complaining, or even exhibiting the Show of Complaint. Their Patience she always rewarded, and by some Way so ingeniously genteel, that they themselves did not know they were receiving Charity. This good Gentleman had not been at Mrs. *Graves's* for several Days, when a poor Woman came weeping violently, and entering the House in an abrupt Manner cried out, O, Madam ! Parson *Whitehead* has married some-body wrong, and will be sent to Gaol, and hanged, unless you get the Colonel to pardon him ; and then what must my poor Family do ? This imperfect Speech filled every Heart with Concern and Anxiety. It was full three Miles to the Vicarage House ; but the Distance, however great, did not equal

Mrs.

Mrs. *Dubois's* Desire to be satisfied. She proposed going herself, if Mr. *Lee* would accompany her; for a Servant, she said, might probably return without bringing a full and true Account of this strange Incident. They were preparing to set out immediately, when a Servant entered, ushering in Mr. *Whitehead*. They all rose to receive and welcome him. Mr. *Lee* and Mrs. *Dubois* seized each a Hand. Mrs. *Graves*, with Tears of Joy in her Eyes said, Welcome, good Sir, doubly welcome! what have I suffered, in one Quarter of an Hour, on your Account! Miss *Middleton* stood behind, rejoicing in her Heart, to see the Parson smile and ask the Meaning of this extraordinary Behaviour; but before they could answer him, the poor Woman, whom Mrs. *Graves* had sent into the Kitchen, to eat
and

and carry home some Provision for her Family, again entered the Parlour in a Hurry, thanking God, that Mr. *Whitehead* was safe and not hanged. This increased his Curiosity; but, upon their naming a dangerous Marriage, he understood the Cause of the poor Woman's Terror. He first assured the Company, that he had done nothing illegal nor imprudent; but added, I have indeed married Colonel *Wealthy* to a Girl he knew nothing of; but I had a Licence of his own procuring for doing it, and not an Hour's previous Notice before I did it. It is true, he stormed when he discovered that he was deceived, and in his Fury threatened me. Some of his Servants reported in our Village, that I contrived the whole Affair. That Report, I suppose, gathered Strength as it spread, till
this

this poor honest distressed Widow's Fears
 raised my Crime to a capital Offence.
 The Woman began to ask Pardon; but
 Miss *Middleton* stopped her, putting a
 Piece of Gold into her Hand, and saying,
 It is thus I must show my Joy, by adding
 to yours; for I have not had an Oppor-
 tunity of doing it otherways. Mr. *White-*
head caught her in his Arms, kissed her
 Cheek, and blessed her good designing
 Heart. The Woman was dismissed with
 more Money than she had seen for many
 a Day, as Miss *Middleton's* Example was
 followed by all the Company; and now
 their Apprehensions being entirely re-
 moved, Mrs. *Graves* expressed the De-
 sire of all present, to hear the Particu-
 lars of the Colonel's Wedding, who, she
 said, had been an old Lover of hers, and
 a very troublesome and persevering one
 too.

too. Mr. *Whitehead* answered, with saying, I remember it well, Madam; for I have often met him in the Fields where you walked, waiting to accost you in Person, when he had been denied Admittance into your House. He is at least now seventy Years old, yet had the Vanity, a few Months ago, to make Proposals of Marriage to a young Lady of Fortune, not eighteen; swearing at the same Time, that he could make her the happiest Woman in *England*.

Her Father and Mother, from different Motives, entered into Articles with him; but she has deceived them all, by substituting another in her Place, while she married, by her Father's Consent, a worthy young Gentleman. Here Mr. *Lee* interrupted him, saying, How can that be? If her Father consented,

he was not deceived. As this Question could not be answered in a few Words, Mr. *Whitehead* agreed to give a full and minute Account of all the Particulars he was acquainted with, concerning an odd Group of People, as he called them. The Lady's Father, he said, was Sir *Nabal Steady*, a Gentleman well known in the mercantile Way. He was born of honest, but poor Parents. Mrs. *Dubois* smiled; Mr. *Whitehead* observed it, and said, Pray, Madam, have you any Objection to their Honesty or Poverty? No, indeed, Sir, (she replied); but after those Words, the Ordinary of Newgate generally tells us what brought the Man to the Gallows. This smart Observation produced many more of the same Kind. At last, Mr. *Whitehead* resumed his Narrative with saying, Sir *Nabal* has
not

not hanged himself yet: But I believe he would hang any other Man, if he was as angry with him as he is with himself at present. But I must go back to his Poverty, as I have heard his Rise from it related by the Bride this Morning, who, I assure you, is a sensible, clever Girl; and, if I can form a Judgment of the Future, the Colonel will very soon be pleased with the Deception. Sir *Nabal*, at the Age of Fourteen, ran away from his Parents, and, by some Means got to *London*. His first Place was in an Ale-house; but in Time he became an under Clerk to a Merchant, who dying left a Widow moderately rich. Her Age was no Objection to *Nabal*. He married the old Lady, and soon after ventured all he was worth in the *South-Sea* Scheme. He was fortunate

nate enough to sell out, and got (as was supposed) Twenty Thousand Pounds; but this he never mentions; for he arrogates to his own Merit and Industry the high Rank to which he has rose in the World. His old Wife lived till he was near Sixty, and made him so heartily tired of the Marriage State, that he vowed never to enter again into Bondage; for so he always termed it. He had the Misfortune soon after to have some Losses at Sea, which so affected him, that he believed his Condition would be reversed, and his whole Property sunk, if he did not immediately prevent it by retiring from Business, though he had usually declared, that nothing less than a Plumb should satisfy him. Mrs. Graves did not understand the Word *Plumb*, till it was explained

to

to be, among the Merchants, a Hundred Thousand Pounds: A large Sum indeed! she replied; but how far did he fall short of it? The Lady tells me, Mr. *Whitehead* answered, that she has heard him say about one-fourth Part. With this Fortune he quitted Trade, after having got a Title by carrying up a loyal Address to the King at a dangerous Crisis. He bought an Estate which joins to a large one that fell to the Colonel, about four Years ago, by the Death of his elder Brother. There was a good House upon it; but that and the Gardens were very much out of Repair. The first Year he was employed in putting them both in Order. He rose early to watch his Workmen, and fatigued himself all Day with attending them in their different Places. He slept well, and anticipated

pated the Pleasure he expected to enjoy
 in his delightful Mansion when it was
 finished. A Pleasure, however, of short
 Duration! for, when every thing was
 completed, and his Time of Enjoyment
 fully come, he began to flag and grow
 dull: He had no Business to call him
 up in the Morning, nor any Exercise to
 employ him through the Day. The
 Diversions of a Country-Life gave
 him no Kind of Pleasure: Drinking and
 Gaming he detested: Reading he was a
 Stranger to: His only Amusement was
 the *Daily Advertiser*, which he procured
 at an Expence, that nothing but his
 Desire to see how the City Affairs went
 on could have made him incur. Thus
 he dragged on a lazy Life, wondering
 what he wanted to make him happy.
 He admired his Buildings and Gardens,
 and

and then asked himself, why they did not give him a lasting Pleasure. In this State he was, when an Officer's Widow, and her Daughter, came to lodge at a Farm-House, of which he was Landlord.

The Lady had nothing but her Pension for their Support, and the Interest of a few Hundred Pounds, which was all the Fortune Miss had to depend on; but, as the Girl was pretty, she determined to keep up the State in which they had lived, till Appearance and Beauty should attract some unwary Heart, and procure her Daughter a Husband. To compass this End, she was obliged to reside seven or eight Months every Year in some Country Retreat, where they boarded at a low Price, denying themselves every Comfort of Life, in order

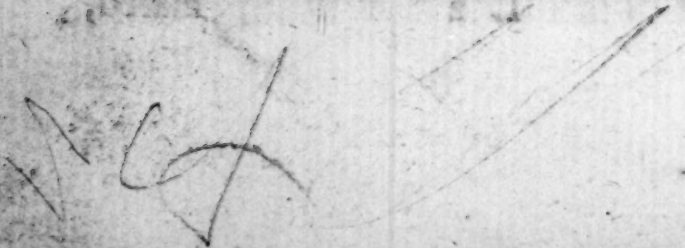
to spend their small Pittance in a short, gay, showy Time in *London*. Sir *Nabal* always expected his Rents on, or very soon after Quarter-Day. It happened, this Farmer could not be punctual. Sir *Nabal* visited him almost every Day. The Ladies heard his Character; and the Mother consulted with the Farmer how to entrap the old Miser. She promised great Things, if, by his Assistance, her Daughter could attain the Honour of being called her Ladyship. The Man entered into the Scheme, and, when he had the Money in his House, still evaded paying it. Sir *Nabal* continued coming. Miss was placed with her Guittar in his hearing. She had a fine Voice, and good Ear. If the Knight had any Relish for Pleasure, exclusive of that of getting Money, it was for Mu-

fic. He heard her, and protracted his Time of staying, till she had finished both playing and singing. He enquired who she was. The Farmer said, A young Lady of Fortune, I can assure you, Sir, though she lodges in my House; her Mother, I find, has brought her here to secure her from several young Gentlemen who attempted to run away with her in *London*. Sir *Nabal* desired to be introduced to the Ladies; but the Farmer shook his Head, saying, he durst not do it, for it might displease them, and be a great Loss to himself; then seeming to study a few Minutes, he added, I have just thought of a Way to give you a Sight of her: She admires your House, and said Yesterday that she wanted to see the Inside of it: If that could be done without meeting you in

the

the Way, my Wife shall bring them any Time To-day, if you will only say you are going to Town, or any where else for a few Hours. This was agreed on, and Sir *Nabal* locked himself in a Closet adjoining to a Room in which was an old Spinnet. He peeped through the Key-Hole, and saw a beautiful Creature giving herself every pleasing Air to attract his Eyes, and at the same Time endeavouring to charm his Ears with Melody. He was caught in the Snare, and, in a Rapture of Pleasure, opened the Door and shewed himself. The pretty Confusion affected by the young Lady added to her Charms. The Farmer's Wife ran out of the Room. The Widow apologized for the Liberty they had taken ; while Sir *Nabal*, in an awkward Manner, and mercantile Stile, declared,

clared, they were welcome, and offered to shew them his Gardens himself. They accepted his Offer. He detained them the whole Evening; waited on them home; was desperately in Love; sighed out the usual Time; then wedded the fair Charmer. The Ladies durst not name a Settlement, as their Circumstances would not bear enquiring into. This pleased the Knight; for his Heart was set upon making a Family. He was an Enemy to large Jointures, because they always prejudiced the Heir. Before the Year expired, the Lady brought him a Daughter, who is now about Eighteen, and the very Girl whom Col. *Wealthy* intended to marry. She is an only Child, and the old Man's Darling; but her Mother has long beheld her with jealous Eyes; for that Lady
being



being a true Town Coquette, married young to an old Husband, seems to have forgot that Conquest ought to be the Business only of those who are disengaged, and can reward with mutual Love a generous Passion. She soon gained an Ascendant over Sir *Nabal*; hurried him to Town, and has from the first kept him there at least eight Months in the Year. She allows him no vacant Time; his Thoughts are continually employed, and his Mind filled with Anxiety. He sees his Money lavished away, as he calls it, in House-keeping, Dress, and Equipages, though he has the Resolution to keep greatly within Bounds; but this causes daily Squabbles with his Lady. She sent her Daughter very young to a Boarding-School; but, before the Girl was ten Years old, Sir *Nabal* fetched

her home to be his Companion, (as he said) because his Wife lived abroad. Miss is handsome, and tall. Her Mamma (who is a little Woman) had the Mortification to see herself outstript in Height by her Daughter, before she was fourteen Years old. To prevent the Appearance of Womanhood she kept her in a Hanging-sleeve Coat till her Father, unknown to any one in the Family, procured her a Suit of Clothes, with every Thing suitable, and brought her drest in them to his Lady, where she was displaying her childish affected Airs in a Room full of Company. The Surprise almost overcame her: She called for her Smelling Bottle; and, instead of joining with the Company in admiring the young Lady, she abused her Husband, called Miss a forward Chit;

Chit, and said he would ruin the Child. The next Day she locked up the Clothes, and ordered a white Frock to be her Dress. This enraged Sir *Nabal*, who saw through the Meaning of it. He began to exert himself, and from that Time resolved to act up to the Character he had always assumed, which was to be steady by Nature as well as Name. He abridged the Lady's Expences, and bought his Daughter fine Clothes; allowed her sometimes to go to public Places, sufficiently guarded; but would not trust her abroad with her Mother, though Miss had Prudence far surpassing her Years. Before she was Sixteen, he had several Proposals of Marriage made to him; but as they came generally from his Wife's Acquaintance, he rejected them all. Poor Miss, however, could

not guard her Heart against the Attacks of an agreeable young *Scotch* Lord. She discovered, or thought she discovered, Sincerity in all his Words, and believed his Love, what Love ought to be, uninfluenced by Fortune. Her Mother saw it, and as a tacit Approbation, often contrived to leave them alone. She wished indeed that he would carry her off to *Scotland*, and keep her there; for he was a great Lover of his own Country; and she had heard him declare, that when he married, it should be with a View of settling for ever at home. But the Mother was disappointed by the Daughter's Resolution never to marry without her Father's Consent. In this State they were about four Months ago, when Colonel *Wealtby* was in *London*. The two old Gentlemen had been acquainted

quainted in the Country, before the Colonel had his large Fortune, and that Acquaintance was now easily renewed on their Meeting to settle the Form of an intended Turnpike Act. They soon agreed in Opinion, that their two Estates joined would be one of the completest Possessions in *England*. Sir *Nabal* wished that the Colonel had a Son to marry his Daughter. Suppose, the Colonel answered, I was to marry her myself, and get a Son; would not that do as well? I am afraid not, old *Steady* replied, for I do not approve of unequal Matches, nor of Men marrying who are advanced in Years. The Colonel laughed at him, and swore he was as hearty as at Thirty, only his Eye-sight was a little decayed. He called it a little, but his Lady tells me he is almost blind;

and the Sequel will prove him to be so, if you have Patience to hear it, Ladies. All the Company desired him to proceed, and he continued his Story. The two old Men parted, the Colonel filled with the Thoughts of marrying a young Wife, and Sir *Nabal* with a Desire to join the Estates. They met again the next Day, and brought Matters to a Conclusion, without consulting the Ladies. Sir *Nabal* with his Lady and Daughter were to pay the Colonel a Visit in the Country, and consummate the Marriage at his House; but this was to be deferred till Settlements were made, and some Improvements added to the Colonel's Furniture, which was very old and ordinary. In the Interim the *Scotch* Lord had effectually secured Lady *Steady* by supplying her with Money for Play. Sir *Nabal* did not regard

regard what Company or Hours she kept, provided he heard no Complaints for Want of Money. She had lost a considerable Sum, and was deeply in his Debt, when she formed a Resolution to play high and retrieve it; but unluckily she lost again, and, upon summing up all the Money together, she found it to be near a Thousand Pounds. This terrified her greatly, as she apprehended it would put an End to her greatest Pleasure; for Sir *Nabal*, she found, was inflexibly bent on stopping every Avenue of a Supply. In this cruel Dilemma she determined to sacrifice her Daughter, for in that Light she looked on a Marriage with the *Scotch* Lord. A Letter from the Colonel, which fell by Chance into her Hands, let her into the whole Affair of the intended Marriage. She pretended

great

great Concern for Miss, to whom she shewed the Letter. The young Lady was terribly alarmed, and unable to conceal her Sorrow. She had promised the young Lord to marry him at her Father's Death, who was full Fourscore, and very infirm. She had likewise promised her Father never to marry without his Consent. Both these Promises she intended religiously to keep; but now to obey her Father was incompatible with one, and to follow her Inclination violated the other. Her Mother gave oblique Hints of flying from the old blind Dotard. She likewise acquainted the Lover with the Danger, at the same Time protesting, that nothing in her Power should be omitted that might conduce to serve him.

Sir

Sir *Nabal* was making Preparations for the Journey. He bought Miss fine Clothes, and told both her and his Lady, that he intended to spend a few Weeks at Col. *Wealthy's*, and to carry them with him; but he said not a Word of the Wedding. They were studying a Method to evade complying with his Design, when a violent Fit of the Gout seized Sir *Nabal*. Thus disabled in his Body, he proved steady in his Resolution of marrying the young Lady, before Death should prevent his seeing it accomplished. Lady *Steady* was more assiduous about his Welfare, and tender in her Regard for his Recovery, than she had usually been. This engaged the old Man to acquaint her with his Intentions, desiring her Assistance in the Affair. She pretended to approve of the Match,

Match; but in her Heart had resolved to hazard every thing to prevent it. At the same Time she persuaded Miss to affect an Appearance of consenting, and even to go into the Country to the Colonel, if her Father desired it, where she might with Ease find Excuses to delay the Marriage; but, if Things came to an Extremity, her Advice was to run away into *Scotland* with her Lover. The young Lady said, that would be an Extremity indeed, and one to which she had long resolved never to proceed; adding, I can refuse my Hand, if my Father brings me to the Altar. Sir *Nabal's* Pain continued; but the Fit was not thought to be a dangerous one. He wrote to the Colonel, that he should send down his Wife and Daughter with the Licence for his marrying the young Lady,

Lady, and follow them as soon as the Gout would permit him. When the appointed Day came, Lady *Steady* pretended to be violently concerned at leaving Sir *Nabal* in such a Condition. She shed Tears in Abundance, and at last positively refused to go, saying, If I disoblige Sir *Nabal* by staying to nurse him, I shall still perform the greater Duty which I find is incumbent on me. This Mark of Affection pleased the old Man. He believed her Heart was touched with reflecting on her past Neglect, and consented that his Daughter should go with only her Maid to attend her. Accordingly the young Lady set out, after taking leave of her Father in so affectionate a Manner, as moved every By-stander to shed Tears: But the Cause of this Excess of Sorrow was known only to herself,

self. I shall explain it immediately. Sir *Nabal* was very proud: He affected to be thought the Son of a Gentleman; and as no body knew his Descent, his Pretensions to that Distinction were never called in Question. He had assisted some of his poor Relations without owning them, particularly his Brother's Grand-Daughter, who went by the Name of *Smith*, and was the young Lady's Maid, or rather Companion. She is in her three and twentieth Year, and now Mrs. *Wealthy*. These two Girls loved each other with a sisterly Affection. Mrs. *Smith* (as she was called) pitied her Cousin, and strove all in her Power to serve and comfort her. The Night which preceded their Journey, she lay awake, studying how to do it till near Morning, when a sudden Thought made her rise, and go
to

to her Cousin, who lay weeping. She bid her cease crying, and hear her Proposal, which she said was this. In the first Place you must appear to set out with Chearfulness, and desire Mrs. *Richards*, (who is Sir *Nabal's* House-Keeper) to tell your Father, that you hope to see him soon in the Country. This will keep him from suspecting that you leave a Lover behind you. When we come near the Colonel's House, you shall pretend to be taken very ill, and lie at some Inn, from whence *Tom* shall be dispatched to tell him where you are. He will undoubtedly come in his new Equipage to see you. From this House we will send back the Post-Chaise and Servants. The Colonel shall not hear them speak to you when they leave us, because I must personate you to deceive him; and, if you
approve

approve of it, I will marry him. My Name is the same with yours, though my Uncle, you know, does not own me, but has given me the Name of *Smith*. Miss listened attentively till she had done, and then said, Pray, what End will this serve? Why to gain Time, her Cousin replied, and to free you from the nauseous Caresses of a Man whom you say you hate. Now my Heart is disengaged, and I can suffer them, not hating the Man, and pleasing myself with the Prospect of Grandeur; but, if this is not sufficient, I think my Uncle, who is not always unreasonable, will be convinced, that it would have been sacrificing his Daughter indeed to have married her to a Man, whose little Regard for her had neither fixt her Form in his Eyes, (for he is not quite blind) nor her Voice

Voice in his Ears; who only married an Estate more than equivalent to his own. This determined the young Lady.

They put the Scheme in Execution. It succeeded. The Colonel called Mrs. *Smith* his Angel, his Queen, and swore he loved her from the first Moment he saw her at her Father's. I married them the next Day, and he sent a Servant immediately to acquaint Sir *Nabal* with it. Miss *Steady* wrote also to her Father, and by the Post to her Lover. The Trick which they had played one old Man inspired him with a Thought of deceiving the other. He wrote to Lady *Nabal* before the Marriage was made public, and told her, that he had Reason to believe she trifled with him, and neglected his Interest with her Husband, for which Reason he should demand

demand his Money immediately, or the Consent to marry the young Lady, which she had often promised him ; but, if that was procured, her Notes should be returned without Sir *Nabal* ever knowing they had been given. This terrified the Lady, till she thought of an Expedient. Sir *Nabal*'s Pain was abated ; his Daughter was married ; his Wife, as he believed, reformed. All this good Fortune filled his Heart with Joy. She seized the Opportunity, and entered his Room laughing. He asked the Cause. She answered, I have just received a Message from the *Scotch* Lord, who followed *Betsy* so long, that if I will procure your Consent for him to marry her, he will give me a Thousand Pounds. Now do, my Dear, for the Joke's Sake, give it. A Friend of mine owes him some Hundreds,

dreds, lost in Play. She suspects that he
cheated her. All the Use I propose
making of it, is to get her out of his
Clutches, for I believe he is a Villain.
The old Man said, Aye, I'll do it with
all my Heart ; but there must be a Bond,
or something done in Writing, on both
Sides. Both were in Haste; a Lawyer
was employed, and, before Night, the
Lady had her Notes, and the Lord a
proper Consent, with which he got a
Licence, and married the Lady four
Days ago, for she left the Colonel's, and
went to *London* with him, as soon as he
brought down his Authority to call her
his own. It was he that discovered to
the Colonel his mistaken Choice, adding,
You cannot, Sir, after caressing and
swearing that you adore your Wife, with
a good

a good Grace give yourself the Lye: Besides, this Lady was engaged to me; I had her Promise before you saw her. The Colonel's Anger subsided, when he saw his Lady on her Knees begging his Pardon, and promising to endeavour, by Obsequiousness and Good-Humour, to compensate for the Want of Fortune. He even wrote to Sir *Nabal*, and told him, that the young People had acted properly, as those with Money had married for Love, and his Wife, who had none, by her Wit had supplied that Deficiency.

Sir *Nabal* at first refused to see his Daughter; but, upon enquiring into the young Lord's Character, and finding it unexceptionable, he has forgiven her, and taken them home. Mrs. *Wealthy* thinks,
that

that Lady Steady will be the only Sufferer; for what she feared and strove to avoid, is fallen upon her. The young Lady will shine in publick, and probably mortify her Mamma with the odious Name of Grandmother in a little Time. Mr. Whitehead received the Thanks of all the good Company for the Pleasure he had given them. From that Time he seldom omitted seeing them three or four Times a Week, till they left the Country. The Time came for their Departure; Mrs. Dubois accompanied them to London, where every thing succeeded to their Wishes. Miss Middleton's Uncle resigned his Ward with all Willingness. He acknowledged the Superiority of her Choice; for his unworthy and ungrateful Nephew had privately married the very Woman who had been an Accomplice with him in

the

the Treachery practised on Miss *Middleton*. The Day was fixed for uniting the happy Lovers ; but that joyful Affair was a little while delayed by a Letter from Mr. *Ravenshaw*, who acquainted Mr. *Lee*, that his Lady was dead of a Fever. This Event altered the Deed of Settlement ; for Mr. *Lee* was enabled by it to make a Jointure adequate to the young Lady's Fortune. At the same Time, an Attorney from the Country acquainted the Gentlemen, that Mrs. *Ravenshaw*, when she found her End approaching, sent for him to make her Will, intending to leave her Husband all in her Power, without naming any other Person. But that generous Man desired her to leave something to her Nephew that might accompany the Remembrance of her : He likewise reminded her of some other Legacies

gacies which might reasonably be expected from her. This was giving from himself at least fifteen hundred Pounds, for Mr. *Lee* had a thousand. Her having so much to dispose of, occasioned Mrs. *Dubois* to enquire into the State of that Lady's Fortune. Mr. *Lee* took this Opportunity to rescue her Character, which he said had suffered so much by her Cruelty to his dear *Marianne*; but he hoped to remove some Part of Mrs. *Dubois*'s Prejudice, by relating a few Things concerning her. He began with saying, My Grandfather married when he was old. His Lady brought him two Daughters at a Birth, and died. My Aunt and Mother were the Children. His extreme Fondness would not suffer him to part with them. The little Education they had, was at home. They lived retired,

and almost confined, till they were sixteen Years old. He then married my Aunt to a Gentleman very rich, but more than three Times her Age. She only past from one Prison to another, and lived near twenty Years with him. She had no Child. Her Husband left her a large Fortune. Her Father's Estate was settled on her. My Mother's Fortune was in Money. Her Person was handsome, but without that, I suppose, she would have had many pretended Lovers.

Mr. Ravenshaw was a young Gentleman who wanted nothing but Money to make him conspicuous. I think it shewed her good Sense, that she singled him out, from among a Croud of Suiters, to make him her Husband. Her Passion for him was the first she had ever experienced.

experienced. It was naturally strong; and that with a Diffidence of herself, and not his Behaviour, first caused her Jealousy. It made them very uneasy for a short Time; but Mr. *Ravenshaw's* prudent Management in forbearing to praise or take Notice of any other Woman, together with his Kindness and constant Regard for her, had long laid the Fury in her Breast. During many Years they were happy; but my *Marianne's* Distress moved him to Forgetfulness, which caused the harsh Usage she received. Mrs. *Dubois*, and even Miss *Middleton*, pitied and excused the Lady. They both admired the Character given by Mr. *Ravenshaw*. It must not be omitted, that Miss *Middleton* no sooner became Mistress of a sufficient Stock of Money, than she found Means to assist

Thomas and *Jenny* with all that Farmer *Dobson* thought necessary.

We must leave this happy Society waiting a decent Time before the Nuptials, and return to Sir *William Gardiner's*, where Mr. *Morris* still resided. He had sent for an excellent Oculist, who couched the old Man's Eyes, and made him happy with the Sight of a Son, whose whole Attention was employed in making his Parents amends for his Neglect, and in providing for all their Offspring. Sir *William* had no Doubt, but that Miss *Middleton's* Uncle had forced her from Mrs. *Dubois*. In this Thought she let him continue, and spared his Heart the Anguish it must have endured, if he had known his Son to be the Author of so foul an Action. The young Gentle-

man, conscious of his Guilt, was afraid of coming to his Father's House; but, meeting with him by Chance, and hearing no Upbraidings, he began to think the young Lady had not betrayed him. This, with her Virtue, which he admired, and the Fortune he was now assured she had, made him begin to think seriously of a Marriage with her, if it could be effected; but these Thoughts were diverted by the Sight of Mrs. *Morris*; for he immediately fell in Love with her, and, by utterly forsaking every Extravagance, prevailed on the Lady to marry him, with the Consent of all their Friends. Mr. *Ravenshaw* came to London Time enough to see Mr. *Lee*'s Marriage celebrated. There were no litigious Disputes between these two Gentlemen; they were both honest Men. The young

and happy Couple took Possession of their Estate. Mr. *Ravenshaw* and Mrs. *Dubois*, with the elder Mr. *Lee*, staid some Time with them. Mrs. *Dubois*, the Reader may recollect, was not more than thirty Years old, though she had passed such variegated Scenes in Life. Mr. *Ravenshaw* was about seven Years older. Something in their Minds attracted them to each other. They thought it was Friendship, and called it so; but their Friends termed it Love, and so it proved; for Mr. *Ravenshaw* was always happy in Mrs. *Dubois's* Company, and Mrs. *Dubois's* natural Chearfulness forsook her in his Absence. His Lady had left him thirty thousand Pounds. Gratitude to her Memory confined his Tongue some Months; but, before the Year expired, he married the excellent and agreeable Mrs. *Dubois*.

Dubois. They bought an Estate, and built an House near Mr. *Lee's*. Young *Gardiner* too became a good Neighbour. He reveres Mrs. *Lee*, and honours her Virtue. Miss *Gardiner* again meets with her beloved Miss *Middleton*, now Mrs. *Lee*; for she lives with her Brother and amiable Sister in the House once Miss *Middleton's* Prison. The Countess could not be drawn from her Retirement; but, as she lives not many Miles from them, they often visit her. Mrs. *Dubois*, before she married, made a Visit to Mr. *Wright's* Family. She stayed a few Weeks with them, and, as it happened, was again the Harbinger of good Fortune; for Mrs. *Wright's* Brother, who had never owned her since her Marriage, had not long before buried his two Sons; one of the Small-Pox, the other
of

of a Fever. His Grief impaired his Health, and he died by a gradual Decay, after seeing his Sister, and acknowledging his Cruelty to her. By his Death, an Estate of seven hundred a Year devolved to Mrs. *Wright*; besides which, he left her above ten thousand Pounds in Money. Mrs. *Lee*, in the first Year of her Marriage, gave an Heir to a happy Father and Grandfather; for the elder Mr. *Lee*, though he has not been named lately, was a large Partaker in his Son's Felicity. Farmer *Dormer* even cried for Joy, when he saw his new Landlady. *Jenny* and *Thomas* blessed her. The old Gardener too was not forgot. His Master had not discarded him; for, when his Wrath subsided, he approved of what the good old Man had done. But we must not conclude

clude without acquainting the Reader, that Mrs. *Ravenshaw* will soon become a Mother, and that Doctor *Wishall's* Daughter is just run to *Scotland* with their Neighbour, the Nobleman's Valet. Her disappointed Father is mortified almost to Distraction, while the good Mr. *Wright* enjoys the Reward of humble Virtue. The Earl's Mistress has brought him several more Children, which he now disowns; because he has just discovered a criminal Conversation, of a long Continuance, between their Mother and his Valet. The Retrospect of his past Life causes Horror. The Future can promise no Joy: He shuns Reflection, and still pursues Dissipation, even when Age and Imbecillity deny him the Power of gratifying his licentious Desires.

F I N I S.

Wrote on the Publication of SHANDY.

FROM his Cell in the Dark,
Hear a wond'rous Spark,
Who Philosophers Tenets can bandy;
His Face is unknown,
But his Words are our own,
And his Name shall be *Tristram Shandy*.

This miraculous Boy,
Unborn, is our Joy,
May the Doctor or Midwife prove handy,
And produce without Pain,
Or hurting his Brain,

This prophetic Son of a *Shandy*.

The Philosopher's Stone,

Shall then be our own,

He'll explain ev'ry Secret that can be;

How rich ev'ry Man,

When his Pot or his Pan,

Is turn'd into Gold by a *Shandy*.

The

The Longitude then,
Shall be known to all Men,
And the Ocean as safe as the Land be,
The Winds he'll command,
And bid them to stand,
Confin'd in their Cave by a *Shandy*.
But hold, cries a Prude,
With Virtue endu'd,
These Miracles sure never can be
Expected from him,
Whose Story's a Whim,
Yorick only gets Money by *Shandy*.
The' in Fashion he's grown,
It's very well known
His Merit is small as it can be;
The *Woman of Pleasure*,
And *Rochester's Treasure*,
Are Brother and Sister to *Shandy*.
• Sure a Virgin may read,
• As well as her Creed,

• What

'What a Prebend dares write and stand by,'
 Was an Answer to pert,
 From a Girl grown alert

By reading her *Tristram Shandy*.

The Quaker complains,
 That his Daughters are Queans,

And wanton as wanton well can be;
 They neither inherit
 His Grace or his Spirit;

'Oh, Sir! we read *Tristram Shandy*.

'Tis a new Kind of Wit,
 That some Fancies does hit,
 And melts in their Mouths like a Candy,
 It puzzles and pleases,

With expecting, it teazes,
 But they're left in the Lurch by a *Shandy*.

Ye Fathers and Mothers,

Ye Guardians and Brothers,

Be cautious and careful as can be;

The

The Fair, O! protect,

Nor accuse your Neglect,

And cry, O! she's ruin'd by *Shandy*,

Ye Ladies so fair,

And Beaux debonair,

Do all in your Power that can be,

The Author to shame,

And Purchaser blame,

Who gave his Six Hundred for *Shandy*



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